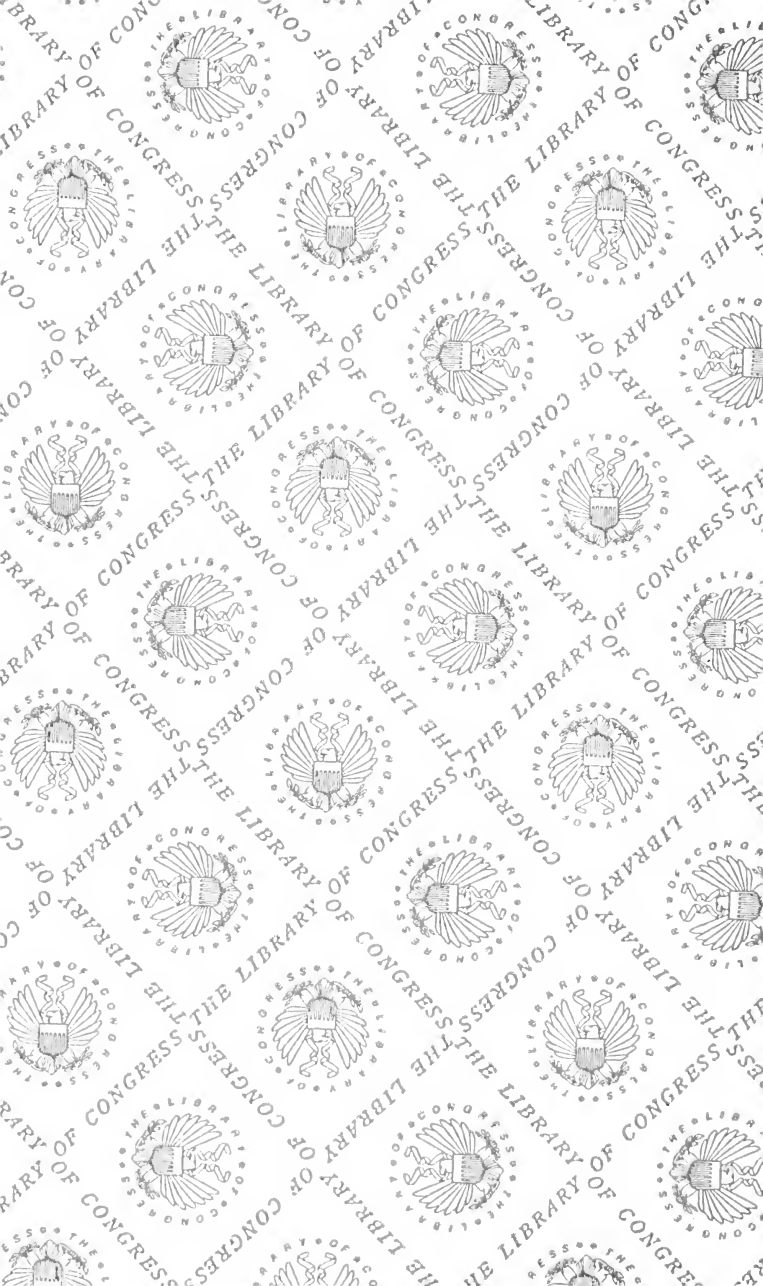
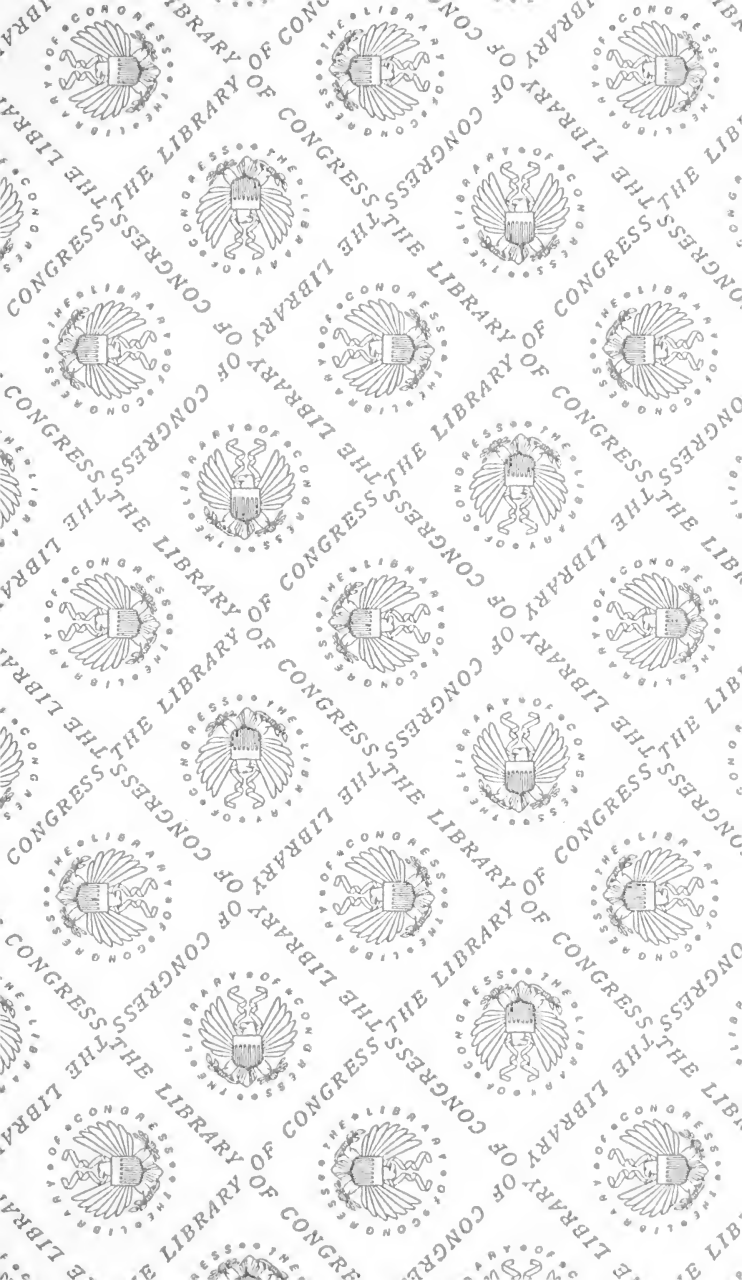


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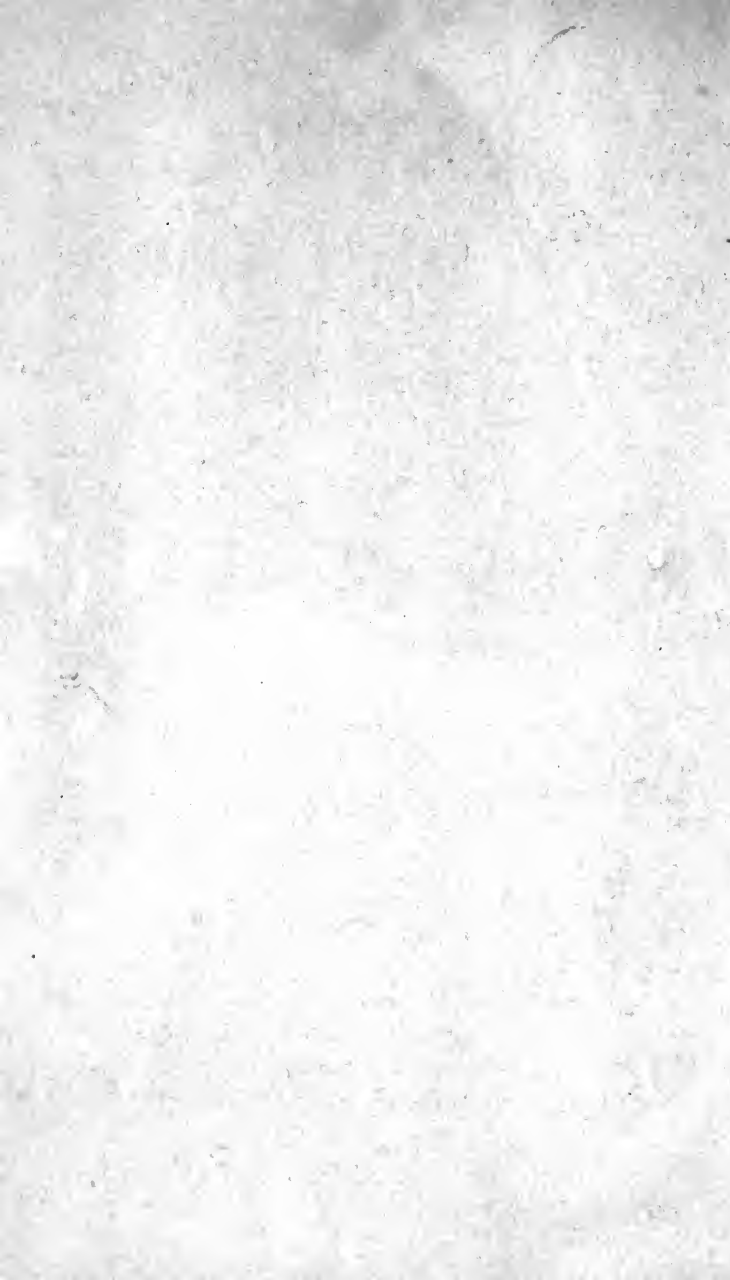




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ALASCO,
An Indian Tale:

TWO CANTOS;

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

PUBLISHED FOR

THE AUTHOR,

Samuel May, Jr.

BY

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

22 & 24 NORTH FOURTH STREET,

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1857

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TO

General James Gadsden,

OF CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA.

DEAR GENERAL:—A friendship of long standing, and my knowledge of the interest which you take in the history and traditions of our Indians,—in relation to whom, by your travels and sojourns among them, and your agency in negotiating the treaty by which the now-flourishing state of Florida was opened to settlement, you have had opportunities of acquiring so much information,—induce me to inscribe to you the following little poem—founded on one of those wild “Romances of the Forest”—of which it is to be regretted that so few have been preserved; as they are not only calculated to throw light upon the intellectual character of an interesting race, who are better known than they are understood; but form original, and have proved not implastic, materials in the hands of our native poets, and imaginative writers,—as is shown by the “Yamoyden” of the Messrs.

Sands, the "Hiawatha" of Prof. Longfellow, the "Chicora" of Mr. Grayson, and some of the novels of Mr. Cooper and Mr. Simms. Next to that fabulous and mythic antiquity, which critics consider as forming the necessary ground-work for an original and national literature, the history and traditions of a savage people, exhibiting such remarkable characteristics, both moral and mental, as those which distinguish our Indians—present so much of the new and the marvellous, and that wears the coloring and aspect of fiction, as to afford a source from which another Helicon may be expected to spring up under the heel of Pegasus—that will furnish no less inspiring draughts than those supplied by the muse-stirred and thrice-renowned Grecian Fountain.

I only wish, my dear Sir, that the ensuing effort, intended as a contribution to this yet scanty department of our literature, were quite as certainly such, as its dedication to you is a sincere tribute of respect, and mark of the personal regard of its

AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

THE ensuing fragment of an Indian Tale formed part of a Poem, of which the plan extended to twelve cantos. It is published in its present unfinished state, in consequence of the MS. containing the third canto having been accidentally destroyed by fire. The measure in which it is written is not a favorite one with the public; whose taste has perhaps been somewhat spoiled by the varnished, rather than polished, smoothness of modern rhyme. The success, however, of "Hiawatha,"—which seems to indicate an awakened taste in the public mind, for works of this sort—or for fictions founded on the history and traditions of that noble race who are so fast fading from the land—who though they

“Still keep their wild, unalter'd mood,”—

exhibit in their rugged virtues, their rude chivalry, and picturesque habits and life—so interesting a view of man

in his native state, and one so fraught with the elements of poetry and romance,*—has induced the writer to put forth the following fragment, wrought from the same materials, as that popular and truly indigenous poem : a circumstance, however, which, he is well aware, establishes no more resemblance between them than that which Fluellin thought existed between Macedon and Monmouth, from there being a river in both.

* “There is something in the character and habits of the North American Indian—taken in connection with the scenery over which he ranges ; its vast lakes, boundless forests, and trackless plains—that is, to my mind, wonderfully striking and sublime.”—*Washington Irving*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Indian tradition—which is preserved by Bartram, in his travels through East Florida, suggested the poem, of which a portion is now offered to the public.

“The river St. Mary’s has its source in a vast lake or marsh, called the Okefanoke,*—which lies between the Flint and Okemulgee Rivers,—and occupies a space of near three hundred miles in circuit. This vast accumulation of waters, in the wet season, appears as a lake—and contains some large islands or knolls of rich high land. One of these, the present generation of Creeks represent as the most blissful spot of the earth. They say it is inhabited by a peculiar race of

* *Oke*—as has been ascertained from the Seminoles—is the Yemasee term for *water*. Hence the *Okemulgee*, *Okechobee*, *Okelocny*, *Okefanoke*, and other names of lakes, swamps, and rivers—beginning with this word—that occur in Georgia and Florida.

Indians, whose women are incomparably beautiful. They also tell you that this terrestrial paradise has been seen by some of their enterprising hunters, when in pursuit of game; who being lost in inextricable swamps and bogs, and on the point of perishing—were unexpectedly relieved by a company of beautiful women, whom they called “daughters of the sun;” who kindly gave them such provisions as they had with them—which were chiefly oranges, dates, and some corn-cakes; and they enjoined upon them to fly for safety to their own country, for that their husbands were fierce men—cruel to strangers. They further say, that they had a view of their settlements on the elevated banks of an island or promontory, in a beautiful lake; but in their endeavors to approach it, they were involved in perpetual labrynth, and, like enchanted land, still as they imagined they had just gained it—it seemed to fly before them, alternately appearing and disappearing. They resolved at length to leave the delusive pursuit, and return; which, after inexpressible difficulties, they effected. When they reported these adventures to their countrymen, the young warriors were inflamed with an irresistible desire to invade, and make a conquest of so charming a country; but all their attempts, hitherto, have proved abortive—never being able again to find that enchanted spot, nor even any pathway leading to it. Yet, they say, they frequently meet with certain signs of its being inhabited—such as the building of canoes, footsteps of men, &c. They tell another story concerning the inhabitants of

this sequestered country, which seems probable enough,—which is, that they are the posterity of a fugitive remnant of the ancient Yemasees, who escaped massacre after a bloody and decisive conflict between them and the Creek nation, (who, it is certain, conquered, and nearly exterminated that once-powerful people,) and here found an asylum, remote and secure from the fury of their proud conquerors.”

Bartram's Travels, p. 25.

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A L A S C O.

Canto the First.

A TALE of distant Time!—My verse relates
The deeds of Indian years, that, scarce preserved
In old tradition, darkly pass'd away;
Yet not unworthy to survive in song.
And in the forest's melancholy sigh—
Amidst those shades that vainly spread their arms
To shield them from their foes—I seem to hear
A spirit sad, in murmuring accents mourn
The hapless fortunes of the pristine race:
Lords once of an unbounded heritage,
But now—like leaves of dying tree, that spring
Shall ne'er restore; or withering on the ground,
Or wide dispersed by Fortune's adverse blasts—

The Spirit of the woods ! their fates it tells,
That some memorial of the muse demand.
Ere the first pale explorer urged his sail,
And, fearless, the Atlantic's gray abyss,
Like deluge interposed, the elder world,
And new between, o'ervoyaging, at last
The cloudy western continent disclosed,—
Earth's other half, outstretch'd from pole to pole :
The dark-revolving ages in their course,
Unchanging as their trees and streams, still found
The warlike tribes innumerable. Diffused
From Analaska's dim and silent bound,—
From the cold confine where the Esquimaux,
In flinty hut, with ice cemented, dwells ;*
O'er Canada's tempestuous hills, and round
Her tideless sea,† ungovern'd by the moon,
As fountain clear,—its virgin waters never
By sail o'erpast—ne'er plough'd but by the storm.
Thence, wide the verdant regions through, that now,
Smiling, behold Columbia's empire fair
Expand, while rest her starry limbs sublime

* "They spend the winter under huts hastily built with flints, and held together by cements of ice."—*Raynal's History of the Indies.*

† The Northern Lakes are sometimes termed, collectively, the "Sea of Canada."

On the flowers of freedom and felicity,
And high in glory's rays her eagle towers.

Loosely they spread through many a vasty shade,
Sequester'd vale, and woodless prairie green.
In independence nursed, their freeborn souls
Brook'd not the fetters of restraint; devote
To freedom, liberty their dearest good.
A wild venatic life they led, secure
Of bounteous Nature's care, where'er they roam'd.
The deer-stock'd forest was enough for them;
The arrow, not the plough, their wants supplied.
Some slender tilth, to female toil assign'd,
Added its stores: with these they were content.
Wealth pamper'd not the few, nor poverty
The many crush'd; but in community
Boon Nature's gifts they generously shared.
Bred up in Spartan discipline, they knew
No riches, or none prized. Desert in arms,
Wisdom and eloquence in council,—these
Alone conferr'd pre-eminence and place.
Equality's just rights enjoy'd by all,
On Nature's plan, by reasons dictates plain,
Guided, in social harmony they lived.*

* What surprises us infinitely in men whose external appearance

Free, blest with plenty, and their cares but few,
They sought not higher to exalt their being.
As Love can make the cottage happier, oft,
Than palaces,—thus, Liberty their lot,
With every charm of life invested. Hence,
When Europe oped her glories to their view,
And luxury her alluring bowers rear'd
To tempt their steps aside, her spells were vain.
Stern and unmoved her soft delights they spurn'd.
Easy they found the Herculean choice, to live,
With hardy virtue, and simplicity,
And independence, in their native woods.*
The Tartar so his boundless steppes still loves :
There, like the wandering cloud, uncheck'd he strays.
From grassy stage to stage—his canvas roof,
Following his errant herds, he gay transfers.
Wherever fails the plenty of the plain,
For fairer hopes, to greener realms away,
With cymball'd dance they move,† and leave behind
Their cares : thus ever rove the pastoral hordes.

indicates nothing but barbarism is, that all of them behave to each other with such kindness and regard as is not to be met with in most civilized nations.—*Charlevoix*.

* See note at the end.

† The Tartars, on breaking up an encampment, form a procession,

Still does the Arab shun the cheerful ways
Of civil man. His lifeless ocean dread,
Of wreckful sands, by whirling columns swept,
With bosom bare he seeks. There Freedom bids
The desert smile, and drops her manna there;
His cloud by day and guiding fire by night.
Tho' poor his tent, while unrestrain'd his will,
Proud of his want, as of their splendor, kings.

The wild American—his wild remote,
By watery veil, with terrors pictured o'er,
Long hid—unquestion'd ranging, haughtiest trode,
Of all the sons of men. Intractable—
Tame labor and the drudging works of peace
Disdaining, as unworthy of the brave.
His lofty spirit, spurning all control,
Look'd as enthroned from his commanding brow,
And in a body lodged of faultless mould;
Fashion'd with firm yet airy symmetry.
A rival to the Phidean form divine,
The matchless model of the god of light,
Who graceful stands, as, pausing in the chase,
His shaft dismiss'd with Indian warrior's air; *
and move off to the sound of music, in search of more plentiful pastures.—*Pinkerton's Geography.*

* Sir Benjamin West, on first seeing the statue of the Apollo Bel-

Disdain upon his lip, that marks a foe
Scarce worthy of his aim,—from age to age
A worshipp'd wonder of excelling art.
But shrouded was that form thus fair, in hue
Sombre, congenial with his spirit dark ;
And of his waning fate the emblem meet,
As of the fading year, the livery dun
Of autumn, saddening every hill and shade.
His eye, as eagle's keen, the forest far
Explored, and eager turn'd to the bright rays
Of Fame,—her voice still heard amidst the chase,—
The image wild, and school of war. Alarm'd
Thus soon, by waked ambition's fiery sting
Deep-felt, with fever'd spirit, restless, brooding,
The hunter-hero but for battle sigh'd,
Athirst in fighting fields, and forays fierce
To emulate the glory of his sires.
The glittering pomp of war, the swan-white wreath*
Of victory, flash'd dazzling on his sight.
Prowess'd in combat, in captivity
Unyielding, unappall'd. The mangling flame

videre, is said to have expressed himself struck with its resemblance to an Indian warrior.

* The Indians do not, like the Swiss, fight for hire, but only for wreaths of swan feathers.—*Adair : His North American Indians.*

Of torture, with defying smile he met :
Taunted from the stake his foes, inviting
Still direr trials of his fortitude ;
His exploits chanted till death chill'd the strain,
Then in the fiery gulf unconquer'd sunk.
Heroic spirits ! by the generous love,
Thus high, of never-dying fame possess'd.
It soothed the terrors of that blazing couch,
And made uneasy the soft bed of peace.
Above e'en this, the patriot passion ruled
Their martial souls : each warrior, prompt and gay,
Bounded to battle at his country's call ;
His home, his kindred, center'd in her name,
Well pleased he perish'd in her holy cause.

But milder virtues in the hour of truce,
Smiled amiable around their lowly hearths.
Parental love and hospitality,
Friendship, and uncorrupted faith, was theirs.
Religious awe, and pious reverence
Of the Great Spirit, in his works reveal'd ;
To these they join'd. His voice from opening cloud,
Or falling thunders of the cataract,
Heard ; and his power seen in the bared arm
Of earthquake, rending realms, and mountains swaying

As swings the sea its Death-roam'd hills in storms.
The One Supreme they thus adored and fear'd,
Without idolatry. No victim's blood
Their temples pure distain'd. With grateful hearts,
To the All-giver, upon shrine of clay
Only the first-fruits of the year they laid.*

Such were they,—Nature's guileless children long;
Till from their brethren white, more civilized,
The soiling arts of fraud and rapine, vice
And violence, they learn'd. Their virtue firm,
And ancient truth, the dire contagion swift,
Of evil and example felt too soon.
Unknown the offer'd good, with unknown ill,
Combined. Hence hard to choose : unwittingly,
The poison of corruption was received,
And mind and life are understood, destroy'd.
Thus from the tree of knowledge, when it sprung
Within their happy garden,—its bright fruit
Untemper'd to their taste,—they gather'd death.

* Adair clearly proves that the Indians are not idolaters, but acknowledge and worship one supreme being or creator, whom they term "The Master of Breath." Entertaining the theory that the Indians, whom he calls "Red Hebrews," are descended from the Jews; he regards this phrase as an allusion to the Scripture account of the creation of man.—*See note, p. 63.*

Though fierce in action, sober in debate :
Deliberate, ever to the public weal
Looking absorb'd, oblivious of self.
Enrapt by patriot care, with dignity
Their senates sat : in state affairs, advised
And politic,—each measure well matured.
The old first-heard—attention on their tongue
Suspended, while the lessons of the past,
The stores of gray experience, they unlock'd.
The young next diffident arose, and oft
The councils of the Calumet might boast,
Of eloquence, by every grace of speech
Adorn'd : glowing, that o'er the rapid stream
Of manly sense, fair Rhetoric's rainbow flung
Effulgent ; impetuous, inspired
By genius, that with sudden power grasp'd
The destinies of nations—peace or war,
Deciding—ruling with restless sway ;
And rivall'd oft the oratory famed,
That round it drew admiring Greece and Rome,
That from the Bema* or the Rostrum roll'd,

* Dr. Clarke, in his travels through Greece, has expressed a wish that the above word might be naturalized, and brought into general use. *Bema* is the term for the stage or stone pulpit from which the orators of Athens addressed the people.

Shook thrones and realms, its thunders echoing yet.
And often deign'd the heavenly muse to stoop
Beneath the cabin roof, or roved the shade.
Oft taught the savage youth in artless numbers
To sing his arrowy wars, and auburn loves ;*
And at the jocund feast, and martial dance,
With minstrel art to aid the flight of time.
Or o'er the cruel fires that impaled
The prisoner bound, her mighty wings unfurl'd.
Her accents mingled in his dark death-song ;
Her lays of glory o'er the burning surge,
Breathing a spell to mitigate its rage—
Lifting his spirit to contemn his pains.
Philosophy, too, clad in stoic stole,
Her true disciples in the desert found.

* All their songs are made new for every feast. Neither is one and the same song sung at two several festivals. Some one of the nation (who has the best gift of expressing their designs) is appointed by their king and war captains, to make these songs. Those persons, *or poets*, are in great request with the king and nation to whom they belong.—*Brickell: History of North Carolina.*

Every town among them strives to excel the other in composing new songs for dances ; and, by a custom among them, they must furnish at least one new song for exhibition, at every annual busk. There is a languishing softness and melancholy air in the Indian convivial songs—especially those of the amorous class—irresistibly soothing and exquisitely pleasing.—*Bartram.*

Those wond'rous martyrs, whom the avenging torch
Of Torture—serpent-hair'd sister of death—
Affrighted not; though by no holy hope
Sustain'd, to earthly crown alone aspiring;
Not less the affliction of all mental pangs
Could bear in silence, cheer'd but by renown.
Collected midst the frowning storms of fate—
Each chance and change of fickle life, prepared,
With equanimity of temper, calm
They viewed; or, greatly met with strength of soul,
And never-murmuring acquiescence: such,
As the proud teachers of the porch of old,
Had own'd their iron morals well fulfill'd.
Not e'en the pangs of wrung affection drew
One tear or sigh from the true warrior's soul.
His rocky bosom's deep recess conceal'd
The fount of grief, and its soft current flow'd,
Unseen, in secret from its rugged source.
No weakness would he show,—a brow erect
Preserved; and if he sunk, like column fell,
Unbent, though overthrown by storms at last.

Revengeful,—deepest stain upon their name!
For spilt of kindred blood, the injured glow'd
With wrath relentless, but for vengeance lived.

Panting with ruthless hate, the wolfish wild—
The wilderness, whole realms—he'd trace to find
The offender, and retaliation wreak :
Or recent, or long past, the wrong was ne'er
Forgiven ; life for life, their crimson creed.*
Hence, deadly feuds and contests fierce arose ;
But sordid interest, or cold policy,
The stars o'er polish'd councils that preside,
That strike, with hate and strife, the loftiest states ;
Amid his motives elevate or warm,

* These Indian Americans are more revengeful of blood, than any other people on the whole face of the earth.

They are very close and retentive of their secrets, and revengeful of blood, to a degree of distraction.

There never was a people who pursued the Mosaic law of retaliation, with such fixed eagerness as these Americans. They are so determined on this point, that formerly a boy shooting birds in the high thick cornfields—unfortunately chanced slightly to wound another with his childish arrow. The young vindictive fox was excited by custom, to watch his ways with the utmost patience, until the wound was returned in as equal a manner as could be expected ; then all was *straight*, according to their phrase.

I have known an Indian go a thousand miles for the purpose of revenge, over hills and mountains, &c. Such is their ever-boiling revengeful temper, that they utterly condemn all other things as imaginary trifles, if they are so happy as to get the scalp of the murderer enemy, to satisfy the supposed crying ghosts of their deceased relations.—*Adair*.

The noble savage knew not, or disdain'd,
While o'er his flaming vigils brooding war.
And oft he made the fallen foe his friend ;
Or, if to death condemn'd, the doom was such
As the bold conqueror himself fear'd not
To meet,—a martyrdom the valiant sought,
Crowning defeat with triumph and renown.
Sometimes to fury waked, unquenchable
Their vengeance, and the vanquish'd were pursued
To extirpation : some sad few, perhaps,
Flying, escaped—in desert fastnesses
Obscure, found refuge from the victor's rage.

Such fate befel the Yemasee of yore,
In bloody conflict by the numerous Creek,
O'erwhelm'd. Along Altama's caney side
Their ancient tribes abode, and flourish'd there.
Their maids, their youths, for beauty far were famed,
While in the dance, in poesy and song,
Taught by their quiver'd loves, their muses wild,
And native graces, from each tawny tribe
They bore away the palm. Yet valiant—were
Versed in all wiles of war. By their enemies
Admired and fear'd, they stood in glory proud
And potent. Many were their woods and hills,

Many the vales of strawberries and flowers*
They once possess'd,—an ample empire green—
And once long held, in peace and pride of sway.

Altama, city of this dusky power,
Its sacred fane, and vine-grown porches rear'd,
Midst river-hills, that sable stream beside;
That thence still bears, unlost, its name along,—
The last faint echo of its red renown,
The last memorial of its power; once spread
Through woods and vales, and treeless prairies wide,
From Isundega's† swift and yellow tide,
Rich as with rolling gold, where gray and vast
The pillar'd Cypress soars, and midway leaves
The forest: day by day, in stature growing,
Like greatness, winning slow its lofty way—
And bearing proud no rival's shade, but shedding
Its own on all around. The palm-fringed shore,
Thence reaching, of yet unnamed Florida;
Where broad St. Juan, from the sceptre chill,
And icy chain of winter, ever free—

* “Many were the towns, and lengthened vales enamelled with strawberries and flowers, that were possessed by this once powerful nation.”—*Drayton's View of South Carolina*, 1793.

† Indian name of the Savannah River.

His way, with flowers strewn, like conqueror on,
In triumph holds. Nor was its fame unheard
Beyond, far echoing to the hoary banks,
And moss-hung waters of the sire of floods.
Tributes from many a tribe, and spoils war-won,
Its council-hall and sacred temple rude
Then graced—in pride barbaric hung on high.
And through the gala-day and festive night
Was heard the dancing warrior's battle boasts,
Or the red minstrel's flute,* or simple lay
Of love or war, or hunter exploits telling.
Like walls gray-grown with years—forests sublime,
Whose wintried oaks, and moss'd magnolias tall,
The stag's extremest age had overlived,
Yet tower'd still in green longevity;
That savage town, romantic in its site,
Embosom'd, and their shapely shadows threw,
At eve and morn its flowery purlieus round—
O'er its white domes, and pallisaded mounds.
Its buskin'd citizens for many a year
Had seen no foe their blooming bounds invade,
Their occupations innocent to mar,
Or pastimes, with the startling shout of death.

* The Creek Indians and Seminoles form a flute or pipe of the tibia, or foreleg of the deer.

The feast, the chase, the military dance,
Went on ; their labor or festivity,
Uninterrupted through each happy day.
The forest for their wealthy heritage,—
Theirs were the finny tribes that stored its streams—
Its wild fruits, and its musky-footed flocks,
With jocund toil far-chased. Hale Exercise,
And bounding Sport, in flowers the victims dress'd ;
And rose an altar for the sacrifice
In every shade. Plenty, fruit-crown'd, and Joy,
The Hours, and the quiver'd Seasons in dance,
The stag-drawn chariot of the smiling year
Attended, link'd in gay fantastic ring.

So fared the children of the forest long.
Even when busy, unlaborious.
They pluck'd the blossom of the Present, taught
To trust the Past, and there the Future see.
Like the blythe birds that playful take their food
From Nature's hand, in her exhaustless stores
For each new race regarner'd—revelling free ;
As ever of her bounteous care assured.
The vacancy, and weariness unblest'd,
Unbought ; the sickly and abortive birth
Of pamper'd luxury, and recreant ease,

They knew not: but felt the invasion sweet
Of slumb'rous lassitude—the o'erstrain'd bow
Of life relaxing, to be bent anew,
With unimpair'd spring, and vigor fresh.

Various their pastimes, with the seasons changing.
When autumn's crowded dies, the withering woods,
Pied, as with art Mosaic, and the year,
On his last field, like well-graced warrior, fallen,
At death calm smiled, with heighten'd glories dying:
Each village tribe, for the great annual hunt,
With new-lit fires,* and songs preparing gay,
The sacred snake-dance through the night prolong'd,—
Chants of dark virtue deem'd, by warning fear'd,
Their coiling foes from all their future paths
To chase, and drive beneath the earth to cower.
Nor ceased the busk, each night renew'd, until
The archers—for the final feast, outsent,
Game from the neighboring forest to provide—
Return'd: when blythe the banquet they partook,
And measures of the dance renew'd till morn.

* At the Indian balls, a fire is kindled in the village square, and the dance is formed around it. It seems to be regarded rather as an emblem of some kind, than to be used merely for the purposes of illumination.

The ceremonies thus closed: forth they fared
In quiver'd file, the *Hunting-trail* on threading,
That to no home or distant village led.*
Ever like wild-crane flock, upon its flight
Migrating, some gray guide close following;
Some hoar Agistor of the forest, wary,
And skill'd each sign of foe or game to mark;
Till reach'd the spot, whence diverse they dispersed,
In bands or singly: there to meet again,
The chase when o'er, and joyous to their homes
The spoil far-gather'd bear, their lowly roofs
And scanty hearths, with plenty to encheer;
With raiment and with food, their families,
And helpmates loved, thus toilfully supplying.
While season'd by the storm, by danger train'd,
The drill of war, and all its trials stern,
They learn'd, and spirit high in-breathed. Inured,
In peace, to peril and exposure hard,

* The *Hunting-trails* of the Indians, which lead to the points whence they disperse in small parties in search of game, generally extend far into the wilderness. Being always well beaten, they often mislead the traveller who happens to come across one of them. The author himself was once misled by, and travelled for two days, on one of these *trails*,—which suddenly terminated, or *went out*, on the edge of an immense swamp; on the islands which it contained, and along the borders of which, the Seminole Indians were then hunting.

Its flowers they pluck'd, but made not their soft couch:
The chase and martial-dance, recalling fierce
The "joy of battle,"—still their dearest joy.
The hunter's wiles, and the bright arts of arms,
By Nature taught, and by Ambition fired,
They eager studied, and the forest wide
Their school—as oft the field of combat proved.
Its lessons thus rehearsed in their red sports
Slaughterous, or conflicts deadly and long-waged,
With foes more fiercely than their prey pursued.

Nor must the pastimes of the youthlier race—
The bowyer boy, and kilted maid, as fawn,
Timid and wild—unnoticed pass. These skill'd
And stealthy; now, as bow war-strung, down bent,
And now, like serpent gliding through the grass,
With cane-dart light,* or well-aim'd arrow, bring
The bird to earth, though tilting in the breeze

* The *blow-canes*, used by the Indian boys for killing the smaller kinds of birds,—are generally some five or six feet in length. The sharp thorn of some briar or tree, wrapt round at its largest end, or fledged with thistle-down,—is placed in the hollow of the tube, and is blown from it with such force and accuracy of aim, as almost invariably to pierce and kill the object or bird at which it is directed. The author has often seen the Indian boys with large bunches of the smaller birds in their hands, which had been killed in this way.

On highest bough ; or wondrously borne
On furry wings, like bird, from tree to tree,
The flying squirrel—and his plume-like tail
Graceful recurved above his head, transfer
To grace their own. Sometimes with wanton shaft
His brush transfix, as round the scaley pine
He ramps, and leave him there, like trophy hung,
Of their skill'd aim, as they had learn'd of death
Unerring,—pupils of the mighty hunter,
With step as sure as his, and scent as keen.
Apart the river seek, and exercised
In swimming, swift as the otter, cleave
The wave ; or diving, with retentive breath, explore
Its oozy bed e'er they arise again.
A band more venturous, bird-nesting bound,
The perogue paddle from the wigwam far,
The crane bestriding her rush-cradled eggs
Midst weed-grown waters, they drive off, and make
The yet warm orbs their prize, with shouts of glee.
While some patrol the banks, and agile climb
The forest's tops—in the beech's high fork,
Perhaps light on the opossum's young, there sleeping,
Or squirrel's magazine of pithy nuts,
In hollow branch conceal'd, delighted find.
But feasts more fearless the grown youth achieve.

The alligator's path, smooth-worn, from stream
Ascending, or dark swamp; now boldly tread,
The mailed dragon, and her blood-nursed brood,
To slay, and clay-built village overturn.
The she-wolf of her litter brown, while far
The hunts deprive; or plunder the bear's den
Of her black cubs, and lead in triumph home
The furry captives, leash'd in viney chains.
Meantime, the nut-brown daughters of the tribe,
In natural bowers of the umbrageous vine,
Their jetty tresses braid in tasteful knots—
Chanting the while some wordless roundelay
Or love-song, as bird's carol—wild and sweet;
Untaught—heard blythe from every bush and bough.
Or where the broad arms of the flowering bay,
Stretch'd o'er the stream, discrete, a starry night—
Where straggling beams of day, like tapers dim,
Shed a faint radiance, bathed their lovely limbs,
And forms display'd of matchless grace. Such shapes
Beneath the forming hand of genius rose
Of old, in quicken'd marble and in bronze,
To image the bright deities, whose sway
Was deem'd to be o'er hill and haunted vale;
Worshipp'd and fear'd, the supernatural nymphs:
Nor could Circassia's fairer daughters bright,

In gilded harem's caged, and dragon-watch'd,
Like fabled fruits Hesperian, outshine
In charms these wild-eyed beauties of the woods.
The younger damsels under odorous shades,
The viney swing enjoy'd,—laughing impell'd
Alternate, with weak arms; or sportively
In chase, midst flowery fields, contending, strive
Each other's cheeks with strawberries to stain.
Here beauty's bebies, with their baskets straying,
Cull fruits and flowers; while others mock their toil,
Lolling at ease in airy orange groves,
Or on the bosoms of the hills reclined.*

* The Seminoles, or Lower Creeks, are a tribe of Indians inhabiting East and West Florida. They enjoy a superabundance of the necessities of life. Contented and undisturbed, they appear as blythe and free as the birds of the air; and, like them, are volatile and active, tuneful and vociferous. The visage, action, and deportment of a Seminole is the most striking picture of happiness in this life. Joy, contentment, love, and friendship without guile or affectation—seem inherent in them, or predominant in their vital principle for it leaves them but the breath of life. On one hand you see among them troops of boys,—some fishing, some shooting with the bow, some enjoying one kind of diversion—some another. On the other hand, are seen bebies of girls wandering in orange groves, and over fields and meadows, gathering flowers and berries in their baskets; or lolling under the shades of flowery trees, or chasing each other in sport, and striving to paint each other's faces with their berries.—*Bartram*.

At night, when from the woods the hunters came,
Altama's streets a festive scene display'd;
Heap'd with the produce of the fields and streams;
Spoils of the antler'd elk, and buffalo,
With leafy fruits: the fish and bird were there,
Together thrown. A feast was made, and next
The dance commenced—continued till the morn.
Often the bright and toilless hours they pass'd,
In ball-play on the level green, or games
Where shifting chance attention fix'd and bound,
While suns and moons roll'd unperceived away.
Thus spent these savage folk their happy time!
But fast their fate drew on and day of doom.

Canto the Second.

ALASCO now was king! The sovereignty,
He long had held, by right of merit raised
To that high station, and the people's love.
Nor throne nor sceptre graced his woodland reign.
One badge alone of sole authority—
A feathery crown—with native pride he wore.
Perhaps still more the curlew's* crimson plume,
Rare, and far-brought—his brow with martial grace
Adorn'd; or mantle, wrought with the red down
Of the flamingo, from his shoulders tall
Falling; and buskins with more curious art,
With pearls and gaudy threads embroider'd o'er,
The chief distinguish'd from the common rout.
A king without a court, no flattering train
Of hollow slaves upon his steps attended.

* The pink curlew, a beautiful bird, found in the Everglades, and on the southern coasts of East Florida.

None sparer fed, none harder slept, than he—
Only the foremost hero of his tribe.
His power he held but for the general good,—
A power by the people freely given ;
And only lawful for the weal of all,
While exercised. He but the creature was,
Of his own subjects—govern'd first himself,
By the public will, e'er he o'er others ruled.
Midst his proud equals, thus Alasco reign'd.
His lowly palace, but with woodland spoils,
Or mats hung round, by skilful squaws inwove
Of the stream's reeds. Thus simple was his state.
Though these were all the splendors he might boast,—
Though humble was the hero's roof, yet bore
Its tenant stern, a lofty soul, unform'd
With virtue, worthy of its origin
Divine : in deeds, a bright example, such
As those who wield august the destinies
Of mightiest empires, well might imitate.
In council wise, in peace his people's guide—
In war their refuge, and their tower of strength.
Prudent, yet bold, his little realm he well
Maintain'd, and far and near its enemies
Had awed or quell'd. Through all their forest-towns
The potent Cherokee, the long-hair'd Choctaw,

And fiery Creek, shrunk at his name. They oft
The sway of his red club, the shunless aim
Of his dreadful bow, and wasting tomahawk,
Had felt; though fierce, chastised in many a field.
Hence wide his fame, and hence his subjects safe
Follow'd the joyous chase, and safely reap'd—
Or in the careless hours and sun of peace,
Join'd the gay feast, and danced without a fear,
While watch'd their chief—their faithful sentinel.

One only son he had,—young Oscemet,
Of blooming promise, and the nation's hope.
A solemn festival was now at hand,
And all the youth of Yemasee, elate,
Their bows and shafts prepared for sylvan war.
For that occasion high, the woodland game
In hecatombs must fall; and Oscemet
His sire besought, that on a distant quest,
New hunting grounds, of arrow virgin yet,
To seek, and game more plenteous, and untamed;
By sound of bow-string and the whoop of war,
And frequent camp-fires—all approachless made,
By other hunter than the wolf or panther;
He might depart, with one companion loved,—
Ciluo, dearest of his youthful warrior friends.

Spoke thus the anxious youth, with earnest grace,
And suasive pleas advanced, his suit commending.
The chief, with many an anxious warning given,
Far from the confines of their foes, to guard
Their steps—assent bestow'd, and forth they fared.
Those youthful friends surpass'd their comrades all
In arms, and every warlike exercise—
In eloquence and beauty ; yet beloved,
Not envied were—their gentle bearing such.
And eager crowds around them press'd, admiring
Their martial port, when for their vent'rous quest
Equipp'd they stood,—and gave them warm farewell.
And many a maid in secret sigh'd, as slow
They vanish'd in the forest's caves of shade.
Allwhile for the great hunt, annually
Renew'd—by general fast and ceremonies
Custom'd and gayful, all the tribes prepared.
And on the appointed morn Altama saw
Her huntsmen sally forth on every side ;
In well-arm'd numbers they begin the chase.
The larger part, amidst the woody depths,
A stratagem to entrap the swift-heel'd herds
Of deer, contrived. With barks a crescent form
Upon the stream, while others from the shore,
Slow closing, gradual hem the timid droves,

Till, circled by a thousand darts, dismay'd,
Confused, they strive to fly, in vain : but few
Escape. In crowds they perish on the banks,
Or in the waves, assail'd by showering bows.

Another troop of Archers, stooping, dive
Into the long grass of the prairie ;
The buffalo's wild calf surprise,—or pierce,
Where silent and segregated he feeds—
The original. Others with quick eye discern,
Midst wither'd leaves, where the wild turkey impress'd
His forky foot : full soon among their flocks
Arrived, transfix them on the leafy tower
Of the wreath'd magnolia, or the palm perch'd,
Or their fleet course along the ground arrest.
Vain was the stag's swiftness, or the bird's wing,
And all their verdant retreats, to save them,
From these red huntsmen—natives of the woods.

Thus glides like ghost the forest gloom along,
And where, in the dense swamp, a breach he finds
Through the high thickets, enters with the day,
Its pillar'd hall of cypresses supreme—
Outspreading their broad canopies like clouds,
The sun excluding, and seem battlements
Distant,—so ordered their gigantic growth.

Around their buttresses, like arrow sheafs,
The canes their bladed tubes so close array,
The smallest bird, the barrier to pass through,*
Might vainly strive: their barrels burnish'd smooth
As polish'd facture, work of skill Chinese.
The damp roof of the living structure huge,
With pale moss, as with spars impending, hung,
Like grotto vast, the work of centuries;
The watery floor with everlasting night
O'ershadows. There, on lichen-cover'd log,
Reposed, the stag misdeems himself secure.
He feels the Indian's shaft, and stains the lake
With scarlet, and its planity disturbs,
Struggling:—its surface to the breeze unknown,
Perhaps unmoved had slept, an age before.

Parties the stately Altamaha trace o'er,
To slay or snare the finny tribes. With weares
Of canes together bound, by withes—form'd,
Fence in the lake-like cove, or creek across.
The dwellers of the twilight element,

* The swamps are covered with the heaviest growth of timber—
shooting up canes (*arunda gigantea*) in such quantities, and so thick
in many places—that a bird could not fly between them.—*Drayton's*
View, p. 40.

Perplex'd, their ancient path, by barrier raised,
Impassable behold: while ebbs away,
Full swift, their liquid breath, the treacherous stream;
Till to the drying eye of day, exposed,
The panting multitudes are thrall'd there;
A feast affording for each village hearth
And woodland hut. But kept a part—with care
Preserved, and stored for future household use.
Here, amidst weeds and logs, the angler lonely,
Trolls from his stand, long hours, patient, moveless,
As statue, heedless of shade or sun.
Another leaning from the perogue's prow,
With gaze as eagle's keen, the downward skies,
Cleaved by wing'd tribes, as birds reflected there,
Numerous—explores. With spear made hard in fire,
Sharpen'd, harpoons the sturgeon or the trout,
With flaming mouth as he attacks his prey,
Or with closed mesh, uphales them on the shore.

Meantime, Ciluo and Oscemet beyond
The utmost limits of their hunting range
Had penetrated. Apart, sometimes pursued
The flying game; or now together, beat
The coverts—and oft side by side, their shafts
Rush'd to the mark. And like two arrows they,

That to the same end tend ; their youthful souls,
Alike distinction thirsted to attain.
Each hoped, by daring exploit of the chase,
To signalize his arm ; or that kind chance
The wandering enemy athwart their way
Might bring, their unflesh'd valor to approve.
And soon their mutual wish had vent, for each,
As by some secret sympathy inform'd,
The other's thought perceived ; and Oscemet,
Whose master-spirit, with an unsought sway,
In all their sports, in each design, controll'd
His friend—unconscious that he thus was ruled—
Ciluo thus bespoke :—"My friend, though far
Our homes be distant now, if right I know
Thy spirit, rather wouldst thou onward pierce
The unknown desert, where adventure calls,
And courage leads, than join the feast or dance,
The peaceful pastimes of inglorious ease.
In the dark woods with danger we will dwell
A space,—abounding game invites us on,
And sport, at least, our sojourn will beguile."

CILUO.

"Then forward lead ; our arrows keen shall wing
The shades,—like ready ministers purvey

Our fare—and warriors little want : beside
Our nation's foe, the Cherokee,—perhaps,
The desperate Seminole, we may meet :
No better sport than that, the woods could yield."

OSCEMET.

"Though to their borders we may not advance,
So warn'd, we will not shun them should we meet."

CILUO.

"Would that in double number they were near!"

OSCEMET.

"Swift victory, methinks, would crown our arms."

CILUO.

"Or in the grave of glory we would fall.
The brightest moment that this mortal life
Can give, O friend beloved ! must sure be that,
When fire-wing'd Renown and Victory smile
On valor's deed. The brave immortal then
Become : though envious death may strike them low,
The victor's soul survives, to listen blest,
Fame's soothing music through eternity.

Cowards forever die—unworthy here
To live ; can they another life deserve ?”

OSCEMET.

“Even in defeat the valiant conquer still,
The rage of fate—even at the deathful stake,
Amidst their tortures, weave the unwithering wreath
Of glory, that the malice of their foes
Essays in vain to rifle from their brows.”

Communing thus, the warrior's forward press'd,
And scenes they pass'd where virgin spring array'd
Nature in all the glories of her prime.
Yet solemn were those lovely solitudes—
Gorgeous and silent, pensive and still,
As Eden, when man first was exiled thence.
The wondering birds, and antler'd groups of deer,
Tame in their wildness, gaze, but fly them not.
Sometimes the stately wilderness they trod,
Like palace dim, with regal splendors hung ;
Its verdant roof with aureate rays emblazed,
O'erwrought with bloom and shade, by hand divine.
The jessamine its golden clouds there roll'd—
The day-stars of the bay, shone bright between.
The kalmia, like the rosy light of morn,

Blush'd on the hills ; the frolic malva made,
With gay festoonings every stream-bank seem
The bower of Flora, or the throne of spring.
The yellow woodbine, like the lightening's gleam,
Shot bright across the dusky glooms remote.
The azelea rear'd its beacon red
Among the cliffs, or with its flowers of flame
The amber bosom of each rill enwreath'd,
Like meteor's fires dancing on the waves.
The humming-bird, the butterfly and bee,
Revel'd around amidst a heaven of hues.
Now float entranced upon the spicy gale,
Now on the odorous down of flowers reposed—
Breathing ambrosial air, and nectar quaffing,
Each moment an Elysian age enjoyed.
Meantime, murmuring water-falls leap'd down
The green descents. Here slow their currents sweep
With sudden silence along landscapes still,
Wandering as lost ; and here o'er rocks they roll,
An avalanche of foam—while straggling streams
Among the crags find various channels out,
Hanging each precipice with watery wreaths.

Slow pass'd the youths through these lone scenes, or
paused

The beaver's busy village to survey,
And lake, by labor'd mole, from ruffling winds
Secured—forever calm. Its domes, the weight
Of snow to bear, or summer's vollied hail,
By art connective rear'd. A wondrous work—
Wrought without tool; and with prevision wise,
'Gainst winter-want, each cell with food well stored.*
A little Venice, founded in the waves,
And ne'er by wars or blind mispolicy,
As wisest states, too oft—to ruin brought;
But flourishing in long prosperity.
Musing, the warriors on, still urge their quest.
Sometimes the hurricane tree, a bridge unbuilt,
Or log with labor thrown, the torrent o'er,
Their steps light press'd, sustain'd—or on the stream
Unnamed, unknown, the raft with thongs and vines
Together lash'd, upbore them, safe convey'd.
A ferry charterless; but to the fox

* The Indian hunters, and experienced trappers, can judge of the probable character of the seasons, by the amount of provision laid in by the beavers, on the approach of winter. According to the border-song,—

“By the beaver's new-cut pile,
The Indian hunter learns to tell—
If short will be the summer's smile,
If long will last the winter's spell.”

Before, or swimming buffalo-herd known.
If wreck'd by rock, or sunk by storm—at home
Like otters midst the waves, unstay'd, they still
Press'd eager on, and reach'd, with oary arms,
The yet untrodden shore. Thus on they fared,
Threading their roadless way, by chart of stars,
And sun and moon—amidst those deserts wide,
As mariners unlost. With sport the way,
Beguiling, their pair'd arrows, feather'd, flying,
Like breasted birds;—as from the same bow sent—
Now the swollen serpent, overgrown with years,
Together pierced; or leaping stag in air
Arrested; or the panther on his perch
High in the cypress stretch'd, unwaked by death,—
So sure their aim heart-pointed—lay transfix'd,
And without moving died, or lifeless fell.
Sated at length, spoil-laden, travel-worn,
On shady bank, by brook, they cast them down,
There resting, till the noonday heats were o'er;
And from their scrip a short repast partook.
Then woo'd the invasion soft, of sleep refreshing.
But watch alternate, cautious kept, lest foe
Should rush on their repose, or wolf or bear
Their store of game purloin.* There came unscared,

* In time of war, or of apprehended danger of any kind, the In-

The doe-elk, leading her gray fawn to drink ;
Or its wild-calf, the buffalo-cow, to crop
The greener pasturage, where wimley flow'd
The limpid waters through the deluged grass,
And flush'd to higher hues, the flowers tall,
Like Harem'd-beauties, shining and unseen ;
And glowing, as if there but freshly dropp'd,
Yet trembling, from the morning's burning fingers.
Warn'd by the waning sun, the youths at length
Arose, and well refresh'd, resumed their way.

dians take every possible precaution to avoid surprise. At such times, they make their fires at night, in pits of about a foot and a half in depth: to conceal the blaze, as much as practicable, from the view of the enemy. They also dig a shallow trench in advance of the camp, in which a sentinel lies with his ear to the earth,—the vibrations of which, give early and timely intimation or *report*, of even the lightest tread. Two other warriors sleep, or lay beside him—and the party relieve each other in the course of the night. Their more accomplished war-leaders are careful to acquaint themselves with the different trees and shrubs of the forest, so as to be enabled to judge how long a leaf, or broken branch, from any of them—takes to wither and decay. Hence, where they meet a twig lying on a *trail*, they can generally tell pretty accurately, how long a time has elapsed since the party by whom it was left has passed ahead. Each chief has also his *signal-tree*; a twig or switch from which, stuck by the side of the *trail*, and pointing to the part of the heavens in which the sun was, when he passed: enables any part of his tribe, travelling the same way, to know when he placed it there, and in what direction to find him.

Mild was the hour, and evening seem'd to pause,
Pointing her golden wing amidst the woods,
As if delay'd by that enchanting scene.
The red-bird trill'd his soft song in the boughs ;
In distant glades the spotted fawn at play,
Frisk'd round its dam, reposing tranquilly.
But soon from nook and hill, and prairie floor,
The beauteous beam withdrew—with pensive smile
Of farewell, from the green solitudes stole ;
And twilight, like the closing lid of day,
Slow falling, for a space prolong'd the light.
Ere long the moon among the crowded stars,
That as in jubilee assembled seem'd,
Soar'd up the heavens, like some spirit fair,
Mounting to bliss. The wanderers resolved,
Ere they encamp'd, to journey by her rays
Awhile. The unknown and appalling gloom
Repels them not,—familiar with the shades.
They shook not, when the tiger's hungry shriek
Rose near ; or bark of famine-madden'd wolves,
In packs that prowl'd : no other sound their ears
Saluted, but notes of the lone whip-poor-will,
That pleased they list, so far from human roof.
On many a glowing night like this, its strain,
Beneath the wigwam's viney porch they'd heard.

Like silver mesh around their wilder'd steps,
The moonlight shade spread wide. Still on they trod,
Till, like the gleam of day, a light afar
Brighten'd the forests dusky bound, and soon
A prairie wide before them sea-like spread,
Illumined by the silver sun of night;
That glitter'd on the breast of distant streams,
Where sported the fresh breeze with noiseless wing,
Rocking the wild-duck moor'd amidst the reeds,
Secure, and scared not by the fox's bark,
Or the owl's hoot, who skimm'd the river's marge,
And silent pastures o'er, with prowling flight.
Through shady isles they pass'd—by winding ways
Ne'er trod, but by the buffalo's foot before,
Or hungry monster ravening for his prey;
To the fell serpent's den, and tiger's cave
Oft leading, or the lair of the wolf.

At length the forest's promontories dark
Once more they ken, and glad its shady shore
Regain, where mix'd the long boughs with the weeds,
And its low moan, like sigh of seas, was heard,—
A well-known welcome sound. But rose the winds
Full soon, and swept in sudden gusts the grass,
And blackening clouds that fiery veins disclosed,

Brought on the tempest. Vanish'd quick the moon ;
The thunder, bursting down with deafening peals,
Along the shaking ground appear'd to roll,
And o'er the hollow groves and rocks remote,
Redoubled deep. The night-farers a cave
Near, reach'd ; and enter'd glad its shelter dark.
With boughs they fenced the mouth from beating rain ;
A flame then kindled, and with store of game
Supplied, a plenteous feast prepared, well-pleased
With their retreat, as if in palace lodged.

Full lonely was their hearth ! Shade after shade,
Wilds unexplored, around them sleeping lay ;
Yet gay their meal they took, and converse held,
Unware of harm. But long they had not sat,
When from the grim recesses of the den
An angry growl was sent. Upstarting, both
Their weapons grasp'd ; and dauntless, soon bethought
What next to do. With fagots they heap'd high
The fire, that illumin'd all the cave,
And show'd where couch'd in rage, a tiger lay,
But fearful of the blaze, delay'd to leap.
To slay him, prompt their daring plan was form'd.
Ciluo first, with deadly aim a shaft
Wing'd at his breast ; as forward, at the wound,

Roaring it sprung, his weighty war-club rear'd,
Oscemet hurl'd down : with feeble fall supine
The monster sunk in death beneath the blow,
So fiercely and so forcibly 'twas dealt !
With shout of triumph, quick they strip the spoil,
And part—their quivers to adorn. Around
The fire then, elate their feat talk o'er,
And nobler trophies hope, ere their return.
But soon to rest betook them : spent with toil,
Upon the rocky floor outstretch'd, their heads,
But by rude log supported, sound they slept—
Mauger the wild coil of the storm without,
That through the writhing wilderness its way
Tore furious, and shook their desert-cell.

Sketch of the Plan of the Poem.

THE poem is left unfinished, from the circumstance of the MSS. containing the materials for its continuance—having been accidentally destroyed by fire. The following is a brief sketch of the original plan, or sequel of the work. In the third canto, the Yemasee hunters continued to press forward through the wilderness, until, after various adventures of the chase, they descried, at night-fall, the camp-fire of a party of Creek warriors, returning from an expedition against the Santee Indians—and having with them two captives,—the one a princess of that nation, and the other a boy—brother to the former. The Yemasees stealthily approach, and reconnoitre the camp, and find that the boy is unbound, and employed by his captors, to attend upon them. He is waylaid by the Yemasees, and seized as he goes to a *Branch* for water, and informs the latter of the force

and condition of the camp. They find him willing to aid them against his enemies, and allow him to return to the camp, before his absence excites suspicion. The Yemasees draw near enough to their unwary foes, to distinguish their numbers and situation; and Osemet is struck by the beauty and charms of Ondo, the Santee maid,—and resolves, with the aid of his friend, to rescue her from the Creeks, and bear her off as his bride, to his own country. The two youths charge upon the party, which consists of six warriors, and are opportunely aided by the promptitude and courage of the boy Crib—who simultaneously strikes down one of the Creeks with a club; while the rest, taken by surprise—are quickly overcome and slain. The Yemasees now resolved to retrace their steps, and, with their captives, (who regard them in the light of their deliverers,) resume their journey, and return to their own country.

In the fourth canto, the further incidents and adventures of their journey would have been given; and the growth of a mutual passion between Osemet and Ondo, described. The rest of the poem would have been occupied with the results of the attack upon the Creeks; which is followed by a war between the latter and the Yemasees,—of which the incidents, the battles, the councils, &c. formed ample materials for the other cantos. After various vicissitudes of fortune, and prodigies of valor performed

by Alasco, Osecmet, and Ciluo, on our side—and by Iskiller, Aconastota, Senaha, and others of the Creek warriors,—the Yemasees are overpowered, pursued, and exterminated by their enemies; with the exception of a small remnant, consisting of Osecmet and Ondo, Crib, Ciluo, and Inco—the bride of the latter. These, with a few followers, make their escape into the depths of the Okefanoke wilderness,—where they find a sequestered island, on which they settle, and rear up a beautiful offspring—who, being casually seen by a party of Creek hunters, who were unable to reach the island, from their ignorance of the approaches to it, and the artificial obstructions contrived by its inhabitants,—related, on their return to their country, the fable, which forms the foundation of the poem.

An imperfect copy of the first canto, (under a different title,) was published some years ago. It is now put forth in a corrected, enlarged—and, as the author hopes, improved form.

The author, when travelling in Middle Florida, soon after the cession of the territory to the United States—met with an old Seminole warrior, who, he found, was acquainted with the catastrophe of the Yemasees; and confirmed the tradition of a remnant of them having taken refuge in the great Okefanoke swamp. He stated that the appellation of Yemasees—signified the *bone family of Indians*. The word *Oke*, has been ascertained to have been the Yema-

see term for *water*. Hence the names of the Oke-mulgee, Okelocney, Okechobe, and other rivers and lakes in Georgia and Florida,—which were imposed by the Yemasecs, and retained by their conquerors—the Creeks or Seminoles.

The loss of the memoranda, and hints for the speeches and Indian debates, which would have been introduced,—and specimens of the metaphors, or rhetorical figures, which characterize the oratory of this people, (which could not be easily restored :) discouraged the author, more than anything else,—from going on with, or attempting to finish, the poem.

NOTES.

“Some slender tilth to female toil assign'd,
Added its stores.”

The general charge against the Indians, of laziness, and of devolving all domestic drudgery upon their women—ought probably to be received with some allowances. The exertions and fatigues of the chase, together with the wars—either of defence or aggression—in which they were so frequently engaged, would necessarily occasion them to indulge in a temporary indolence while at home; and as it was chiefly during these periods of relaxation, that the opportunities of travellers for observing their manners, occurred—the accounts we have of their habitual idleness, may be much exaggerated. The tillage practised among them was so slight, that the labor of the women employed in it could not have been great; and, as they were as hardily brought up as the men, was probably in no way oppressive.

“In community,
Boon Nature’s gifts they generously shared.”

“I have observed, with much inward satisfaction, the community of goods among them, after the patriarchal manner, and that of the primitive Christians,—especially with those of their own tribe. Though they have become exceedingly corrupt in most of their ancient commendable qualities, they are so hospitable, kind-hearted, and free,—that they will share with those of their own tribe the last part of their provision.”—*Adair*.

“On Nature’s plan, by reason’s dictates plain,
Guided, in social harmony they lived.”

Their conduct to the aged is exemplified in the following anecdote, related by Bartram, of an old Creek chief:—

“One morning, after his attendants had led him to the council-fire—before seating himself, he addressed the people after this manner:—‘You love me, what can I do now to merit your regard? Nothing! I am good for nothing; I cannot see to shoot the buck, or hunt the sturdy bear. I know I am a burden to you. I have lived long enough; now let my spirit go. I want to see the warriors of my youth, in the country of spirits; [bareing his breast]—here is the hatchet, take it and strike.’ They all answered,

with one united voice,—‘We will not, we cannot; we want you still.’ The women generally are of an amiable, mild, and soft disposition; exceedingly modest in their behavior—and very seldom noisy, either in the single or married state.”—*Adair*.

The Indian women are never known to scold!—*Adair*.*

In every thing but their revengeful disposition, I admire and respect the real character of the native, uncivilized, uncorrupted Indians.—*Smyth’s Tour in the United States*.

Instead of coercive power,—good manners, education, and respect for old men, and parental affection; maintained peace in their societies, where there were neither laws nor property.—*Raynal*.

One would think, at first, that they have no form of government; that they acknowledged neither laws nor subordination; and that, living in entire independence,—they suffered themselves to be guided by chance and the wildest caprice. Nevertheless, they enjoy almost all the advantages that a well-regulated authority can procure for the best-governed nations. Born free and independent, they look with horror on

* *Adair* was forty years a trader among the Creeks and Cherokees.

the least shadow of despotic power : but they seldom depart from certain principles and customs, founded on good sense—which are to them instead of laws, and which supply the place of lawful authority. They will not bear the least restraint,—but reason alone keeps them in a kind of subordination ; which, for being voluntary, is not the less effectual for obtaining the end proposed.

It is proper to observe, that the fear of being noted for avarice, has as much influence with the savages, as the fear of punishment would have ; and that in general, these people are governed more by principles of honor, than any other motive. What I have further to add, will give you another proof of this. I have said before, that to hinder the consequence of murder—the public takes on itself to make submission for the guilty, and make amends to the party concerned ; and this has more power to prevent these disorders, than the severest laws. For these submissions are extremely mortifying to men whose pride surpasses description ; and the criminal is more affected by the trouble he sees the public suffer on his account, than he would be for himself ; and a zeal for the honor of the nation restrains these barbarians, much more effectually, than the fear of death or punishment.

It must be acknowledged, that the nearer view we take of our savages, the more we discover in them some valuable qualities. The chief part of the prin-

ciples by which they regulate their conduct—the general maxims by which they govern themselves, and the bottom of their character,—have nothing which appears barbarous.

We are equally struck with the natural and unaffected gravity which reigns in all their behavior, in all their actions, and in the greatest part of their diversions; so likewise with the courtesy and deference they show to their equals, with the respect of the young people to the aged; and also never to see them quarrel among themselves with those indecent expressions among us so common.—*Charlevoix*.

“When Europe oped her glories to their view.”

We cannot even say that they are so happily delighted with their way of living, only because they are not acquainted with the sweets of ours. A good number of French lived with them, and have been so pleased with it, that many persons could never prevail with them to return; though they might have been very much at their ease in the colony. On the contrary, it was never possible for a single Indian to conform to our way of living.—*Charlevoix*.

The aversion and contempt they have conceived for our manner of living, have always made them avoid our society. We have never been able to reconcile them to our indulgent manner of living;

whereas, we have seen some Europeans forego all the conveniences of life, retire into the forest, and take up the bow and club of the savage.—*Raynal*.

“The ardent hero train’d to arms,
For conflict sigh’d.”

He who is a successful warrior among them, is the proudest creature living.—*Brickell*.

There is no such thing as desertion in war among the Indians; because they do not fight like the Swiss, for hire, but only for wreaths of swan feathers.—*Adair*.

When they give them instructions on this head, it is almost always in an indirect way; the most common is to relate to them the brave actions of their ancestors or of their countrymen. The young people are fired at these stories, and are never easy till they find an opportunity of imitating the examples they have made them admire.—*Charlevoix*.

“In captivity
Unyielding, unappall’d,” &c.

The constancy of the Indians under these trials, is well known. I shall adduce but one instance, which I have never seen quoted. “The Shawnees had

captured a warrior of the Anantoeck tribe, and put him to the stake, according to their usual cruel solemnities. Having unconcernedly suffered much sharp torture, he told them with scorn, that they did not know how to punish a noted enemy; therefore, he was willing to teach them, and would confirm the truth of his assertion, if they allowed him the opportunity. Accordingly, he requested of them a pipe and some tobacco, which were given him. As soon as he lighted it, he sat down, naked as he was, on the burning torches, and continued smoking his pipe without the least discomposure. On this, a leader leaped up, and said, they had seen plain enough, he was a warrior, and not afraid to die; nor should he have died only that he was both spoiled by the fire and devoted to it by their laws. However, though he was a very dangerous enemy, and his nation a treacherous people, it should appear they paid a regard to bravery, even in one who was marked over the body with war-streaks, at the cost of many lives of their beloved kindred; and, by way of favor, he, with his friendly tomahawk, put an end to all his pains. Though the merciful, but bloody, instrument, was ready some time before it gave the blow, I was assured by the spectators, that they could not perceive the sufferer alter his posture or steady countenance in the least.”—*Adair*.

Colden, in palliation of these cruelties, advances

the examples of similar conduct in civilized nations. "Witness the Carthagenians and Phenecians, burning their own children alive in sacrifices; and several passages of the Jewish history; and witness, in later times, the Christians burning each other alive for God's sake."

"Above e'en this the patriot passion ruled
Their martial souls."

Every warrior holds his honor and the love of country, in so high esteem, that he prefers it to life; and will suffer the most exquisite tortures, rather than renounce it.—*Adair*.

None of the greatest Roman heroes have discovered greater love of country, or contempt of death, than these people called barbarians have done, when liberty came in competition. And these Indians have outdone the Romans in this particular—inasmuch as the greatest of these have, we know, murdered themselves to avoid captivity and torments. But our Indians have refused to die meanly or without pain, when they thought their country's honor would suffer by it; and have given their bodies willingly to the most cruel tortures of their enemies, to show, as they said, that the *Five Nations* were composed of men whose courage and resolution could not be shaken.—*Colden*.

“Parental love,” &c.

The care which mothers take of their children, is beyond expression; and shows very clearly that we often spoil all, when we exceed the limits which nature has taught us. They never leave them; they carry them everywhere with them; and when they seem ready to sink under the burden they load themselves with—the cradle of the child is reckoned as nothing; and she would even say, that this additional weight made the rest light. They may also justly be reproached with their manner of bringing up their children. They know not what it is to chastise them: sometimes, to correct them for their faults, they use prayers and tears—but never menaces. A mother who sees her daughter behave ill, falls a crying. On the daughter asking the cause, she is satisfied with saying, *you disgrace me*; and it seldom happens that this way of reproof is not effectual. It must be acknowledged, that they behave towards the dead with a generosity and affection that cannot be too much admired. Some mothers have been known to have kept the dead bodies of their children whole years—and wanted never to go from them; others draw milk from their breasts, and pour it upon the tombs of these little creatures.—*Charlevoix.*

“Hospitality,” &c.

Their huts are open night and day, for strangers and travellers. This generous hospitality, which makes the advantages of a private man a public blessing—is chiefly conspicuous in their entertainments. A savage claims respect, not so much for what he possesses, as for what he gives away. The whole stock of provisions—collected during a chase that lasted six months—is frequently expended in a single day; and he who gives the entertainment, enjoys more pleasure than his guests.

“Friendship,” &c.

Friendship among savages, is never broken by that contrariety of clashing interests, which, in our societies—weaken even the tenderest, and most sacred connections. When a man has once made a choice, he deposits, in the heart of his associate, his inmost thoughts, his sentiments, his prospects, his sorrows, and his joys. The two friends have everything in common. Their union is for life; they fight side by side; and if one should fall, the other certainly expires on the body of his friend.—*Raynal*.

“Till from their brethren white,” &c.

What, alas! have we Christians done to make them better? We have reason, indeed, to be ashamed, that

these infidels, by our conversation and neighborhood, have become worse than they were before they knew us. Instead of virtues, we have only taught them vices that they were entirely free from before that time. They have never been taught to conquer any passion, but by some other passion; and the traders, with whom they chiefly converse, are so far from giving them any abhorrence of this vice—(drunkenness,) that they encourage it all they can—not only for the profit of the liquor they sell, but that they may have an opportunity to impose upon them.—*Colden*.

The truth is, they have been corrupted by the whites—for they copy after, and fall into, our *vices*,—these appearing in the most conspicuous point of view; and I am afraid that our *virtues* are too few—and even these so difficult to be discovered, that the poor Indians cannot distinguish any of them to follow after. They have also been so treacherously used, and barbarously massacred by the whites, and so often deceived by them—that the memory thereof is carefully preserved, and handed down from sire to son.—*Smyth's Tour*.

These circumstances have, without doubt, had their influence in preventing the civilization of the Indians. The hostilities also, which were fomented among them by the rival colonies of Britain and France—kept them in a state of perpetual warfare; which

tended to render them more barbarous than they were found on the first discovery. The breaking up also of their settled towns—which frequently happened in these wars,—the destruction of the Synedri-
ons, or temples, in which their holy things were kept, occasioned the discontinuance of many of their religious rites; which could not but produce a further deterioration of their character.—*Author.*

“The One Supreme they thus adored and fear’d.”

The ancient heathens, it is well known, worshipped a plurality of gods, which they formed to themselves according to their own liking,—as various as the countries they inhabited—and as numerous with some as the days of the year. But these Indian Americans pay their religious devotion to “Loack Ishtohollo, Aba,”—the beneficent supreme, holy spirit of fire,—who resides (as they think) above the clouds, and on earth also, with unpolluted people. He is, with them, the sole author of warmth, of light, and of all animated and vegetable life. They do not pay the least perceptible adoration to any images, nor to dead persons; neither to the celestial luminaries, nor evil spirits, nor any created being whatever. They are strangers to all the postures practised by the Pagans in their religious rites; they kiss no idols. The ceremonies of the Indians, in their religious

worship, is more after the Mosaic institution, than of Pagan imitation.—*Adair*.

“Though fierce in action, sober in debate.”

It must be acknowledged, that they proceed in their assemblies with such prudence, maturity, and ability—and, I will also say, such probity, as would have done honor to the Areopagus of Athens, or the Senate of Rome, in the most flourishing days of those republics.

“And oft

The councils of the calumet might boast,
Of eloquence,” &c.

Their speeches, in public assemblies particularly—are full of images, energy, and pathos. The beauty of their imagination is equal to its vivacity, and appears in all their discourse. They are quick at repartee; and their speeches are full of shining passages, that would have been applauded in the public assemblies of Greece and Rome.—*Charlevoix*.

Their sentiments, under all the disadvantages of a poor and inexpressive language, and what is worse—of a flat, dull, and deficient interpretation,—contain and convey the most noble, elevated, and just ideas; delivered in that beautiful and elegant simplicity, and allegorical figure of explanation, which add dignity

and grace to the subject, and are so much admired in the Bible and sacred Scriptures, &c.—*Smyth's Tour*.

The eloquence of the Indians has certainly never appeared to full advantage,—the interpreters generally employed, being ignorant and illiterate persons. Colden mentions, that often, after an Indian orator had taken up a considerable time in an harangue—the interpreter explained the whole in a few sentences. “I am told they are very nice in the turn of their expressions, and that few of themselves are so far masters of their language as never to offend the ears of their auditory by an impolite expression. They have, it seems, a certain urbanitas or Atticism in their language; of which the common ears are ever sensible, though only their greatest speakers attain it.”—*Colden*.

There is often no less ingenuity than beauty in their ideas. The following has been related to the author:—One of the settlers on our Western borders had used a great deal of argument to an Indian chief, in order to dissuade him from a hostile expedition, on which he was about to set out. The Indian listened with great attention to his remarks, and when he had ceased, replied,—“That what he had said and advised, was undoubtedly both just and wise; but that his feelings and resentments were not to be thus allayed or reasoned away. Your argu-

ments," he observed, "are like a good medicine, which yet often fails of effect: the patient takes it, *but the pulse continues high in his temple.*"

A lady of Florida—the mention of whose name would avouch, to all who know her, for the correctness of any statement which she might make—related to the author, that a party of Indians having come to the plantation on which she resided, to sell venison—as it was common for them to do before the breaking out of the late Seminole war; her husband inquired of one of them, whether he thought that the nation would take up arms, and break out into hostilities, in the event of the government of the United States attempting to remove them to the West—or insisting on their emigrating to the lands they offered them there. He replied, that he thought they would. Her husband then observed to him, that he was somewhat surprised at their violent opposition to this measure,—as he understood that the country offered them, was far superior in fertility, to the region which they occupied in Florida, and possessed far finer hunting-grounds; as the buffalo and the elk were there added to the deer—which was the only game left them in their present location. He said he doubted not that this was so—but that still the Indians naturally preferred their own country to any other; and that from habit, it had become also better suited to them, than one superior to it, in point of fertility and game.

He proceeded to illustrate his meaning, by the following comparison:—"If," said he, "you find a flower growing by a pond, or in a swampy place—you think it would be better to remove it to the high ground—as a more favorable situation for it; but if you do so, it will be more likely to die, than to flourish: and this is the reason why the Indians prefer to remain in their native country—to going anywhere else—however fine the region promised them might be; as it would probably be unsuited to their constitutions and mode of life." On another occasion, when contending for an enlargement of their boundaries and hunting-grounds in Florida—which was subsequently accorded to them;) one of their speakers adverted to the difference between their modes of life, and those of the whites, as forming a sufficient reason for this demand; and at the close of his harangue thus illustrated his argument:—"Our white brethren dwell much in towns, where many thousand people busy themselves within a small space of ground: but the Seminole is of a wild and scattered race—he swims the streams, and leaps over the logs of the wide forest, in pursuit of game; and is like the whooping-crane, that makes his nest at night far from the spot where he dashed the dew from the grass and flower in the morning." It is proper to observe here, that the Indians do not formally introduce their similes by the term *like*, or any expression equivalent to it; but would say, in using the above comparison, "He is

the whooping-crane,” &c., which would be the proper form of language, if the passage were literally rendered. In the first conference held with them, after the cession of Florida to the United States, on the subject of the boundaries of their settlements, as maintained during the Spanish and English occupations of the country,—their principal speaker, Neamathla, wound up his harangue in the following rhetorical style:—“An hundred summers have seen the Seminole warrior reposing undisturbed under the shade of his live oak—and the suns of an hundred winters have risen on his ardent pursuit of the buck and the bear, with none to question his bounds, or dispute his range.” The hundred years so specifically referred to, was, at the time of this conference—the precise period during which the tribe had occupied Florida; which they had conquered from the Yemasees—the original possessors of the country.

“Philosophy too, clad in stoic stole,
Her true disciples in the desert found.”

By education, precept, and example, they have learned to show an external acquiescence in everything that befalls them—either as to life or death. By these means, they reckon it a scandal to the character of a steady warrior, to let his temper be ruffled by any accidents. They always act the part of the stoic philosopher, in outward appearance.—*Bartram.*

“Revengeful,—deepest stain upon their name!”

They greatly sully, however, their noble virtues, by the cruel passion of revenge; this they think is not only lawful, but honorable, to exert, without mercy, on their country's enemies; and for this only it is, that they can deserve the name of barbarians.—*Colden*.

The captives whom none choose to adopt, are condemned to death. The victims are prepared for it by everything that may inspire a fondness for life. The best fare, the kindest usage, the most endearing names, are bestowed on them; they are even sometimes indulged with women to the very moment of their sentence! Is this compassion, or is it a refinement of barbarity?—*Raynal*.

This question is answered by Adair. “When an Indian sheds blood, it does not proceed from wantonness, or the view of doing evil—but solely to put the law of retaliation in force—to return one injury for another: but if he has received no ill, and has no suspicion of the kind—he usually offers no injury to those who fall in his power, but is moved with compassion in proportion to what they seem to have undergone. Such as they devote to the fire, they flatter with the hope of being redeemed, as long as they can; to prevent giving them any previous anxiety—which their law of blood does not require.”

The Creek, or Muscogulgee language, is spoken throughout the confederacy—(although consisting of many nations, who have a speech peculiar to themselves;) as also by their friends and allies, the Natches. The Chicasaw and Choctaw, the Muscogulgees say, is a dialect of theirs.* Their language is very agreeable to the ear; courteous and musical. The letter R is not sounded in one word of their language.† The women in particular, speak so fine and musical, as to represent the singing of birds; and when heard, and not seen, one would imagine it to be the speaking of children.—*Bartram*.

* The *Hitchatee*, is the most extensively spoken of these dialects. The *Noncaumee*, is in use, we believe, only among the Creeks.

† Hence the Creeks, and all the Southern tribes, say *flen* for *friend*, *lum* for *rum*, and *lun* for *run*; and this peculiarity, we have reason to believe, is not confined to these tribes, but is characteristic of the whole race. The author was informed by an officer of our army,—a gentleman of great intelligence and observation, long stationed among the Iowa Indians,—that he had repeatedly endeavored to teach individuals of this tribe to pronounce the name of their agent—a Mr. Wm. Brown—correctly; but had never been able to do so. They invariably pronounced it *Blown*; and he expressed the belief, that this inability to sound the letter R is common to all the tribes of the North American division of the continent.—*Author*.

Miscellaneous Poems.



PASCAGOULA BAY.

THE story told of a wild and singular melody, floating about this Bay—is well authenticated ; and though it is sufficiently fanciful and romantic to be rejected as a superstition—it is, nevertheless, entitled to full credit. At East Pascagoula, about a mile from Field's Hotel—there are still some signs left of an old Indian fort—which here had existence before the foot of a white man stepped upon the soil. It was built of mud and shells ; and not many years ago, when curiosity led to excavations being made in it—pipes, bones, Indian ornaments and utensils, were dug up from the interior. On, and near the water, at this place—the mysterious music is frequently heard, both night and day—when the winds are sleeping, and stillness is on the wave. This has given rise to the poetical superstition, that the mournful melody is the perpetual echo of the death-song of the Indians : for it is related, that a tribe called the Biloxi—were here beset by numerous enemies, and besieged in the fort ; and finding death inevitable, but heroically resolving not to die by their foes,—

the men folded their arms, the women pressed their children to their breasts, and the whole tribe walked into the Bay, singing their death-song, and were drowned. At West Pascagoula, near McRea's Hotel, and just at the confluence of the river and the Bay—the sound is often heard. Few have resided even a short period in the neighborhood, without hearing the mysterious music. It resembles a loud musical buzzing of some large insect,—swelling and receding, like the fairy voice of the *Æolian*. It is heard in the bathing-houses: here its most singular peculiarity is discoverable; for, by placing your finger on a post, a vibration is distinctly felt—trembling upwards from the water. It is seldom that you can determine upon any quarter whence the sound proceeds; as it seems at one moment in the air, the next in the water; now distant, and then near; now fading away so imperceptibly, that you question your hearing as to whether or not it is still distinguishable—and almost fancy the whole a hallucination: then swelling back to you again—removing at once all doubt, and charming you to the spot, with pleased and wonderful surprise. Another singularity about it is, that by striking any object near, so as to produce a noise—or by plashing the water—you cause the sound to cease for several moments; when it comes again, like something of life that had been startled.

“The men folded their arms, the women pressed their children to their breasts, and the whole tribe walked into the Bay, singing their death-song, and were drowned.” Where, in the legends of any people, can be found a sterner instance of what was deemed virtue, than this? Where, in what is called classical history, is there such an instance of the heroic self-devotion of a whole people? The Roman Senator fell

upon his own sword, rather than witness the degradation of his country. The Roman people bowed their neck to the yoke. Here the whole nation,—warrior and prophet, brave and boy; the mother with her child pressed to her bosom; the father with the son of his pride by the hand; lovers rejoicing that there lots were not divided,—walking down to the grave together! To them, Pascagoula was but a ford which they must pass to the happy hunting-grounds; and poetically fitting it is, that their death-song should still

“Float upon the silver wave
Of Pascagoula Bay.”

Phazma says, “I listened to this music with astonishment and delight, the evening before the verses were written. Philosophers may assign a cause for it; I have no suggestion to make. The residents all about the Bay, have heard this singular melody—remember it for fifty years—and tell the legend which I have here woven into verse.”

THE HAUNTED SHORE.

“Does sorrow dwell beneath the wave,
In coral grot and crystal cave?
Ah, do the nymphs and naiads know
To weep? Does not some fair Undine,
Beneath yon bay of silver sheen,

Hiding her face in tresses green,
Drop amber tears of wo?"

New Orleans Picayune.

By Pascagoula's Bay and haunted shore,

'Tis solitary all and silent, save

The sound of the beach-broken wave.

Its play-fellow, the breeze,

Now sports no more—

Gone to its rest,

Like wearied bird midst the unstirring trees.

A sacred calm, as if some spirit near

Hover'd—broods deepening round—and hark! in air,

The swell of half-heard symphonies;

Like voices from the Islands of the blest—

Like murmur'd memories,

The melody seems:

Or holy harpings heard in dying dreams.

Of hapless love they tell—

Or flows the requiem o'er the spot,

Where valor fell—

For the brave forgot?

A spirit-hymn to the past.

Now full the harmonies Æolian roll,

Now fade—now die—now sink into the soul—

Too sweet to last.

Fled, as disturb'd by the awaken'd wind—
The choir is heard no more. But list! again
Restored is nature's peace,
And comes anon the wild mysterious strain—
And lo! once more the fairy melodies cease.
Oh! viewless spirits, say?
Mourn ye the vanish'd warriors of the woods,
Once rulers of the wilds and floods,
The unvanquish'd brave;
The fierce and tameless sons of Liberty?
Laments the lay!
The valiant race who here their latest stand,
Stern gathering took, and sacred made the strand,
By deeds heroic, ere the entombing wave
They sought, and sunk, unconquer'd and still free?
Or weep ye for the quiver'd youth and maid,
“The flowers of the forest wee'd away”?
The lovers fond, here once in pleasure laid
“By every stream, and blest in every shade.”
Oh! sacred be the Sabbath that ye love!
And may eternal stillness hush the grove,
And lonely shore—
While thus the dim-heard dirge ye pour—
While thus the rite is paid,
To beauty and to valor, now no more.

THE ENCHANTED MOUNTAIN.

THE ensuing poem, was suggested by the subjoined account of a natural curiosity, existing in the upper part of the State of Georgia. A still fuller description of it, appeared some years ago, in the "Southern Banner,"—a paper published at Athens—an interior town of that State.

"The Enchanted Mountain—about two miles south of Brasstown, Georgia—is famed for a curiosity in its neighborhood. There are, in several rocks—a number of impressions resembling the tracks of turkeys, bears, horses, and human beings; as visible and perfect as they could be made in snow or sand. The latter are remarkable for having uniformly six toes each,—one only excepted—which appears to be the print of a negro's foot. One of these tracks is very large,—the length of the foot, sixteen inches; the distance of the extremities of the outer toes, thirteen inches. One of the horse-tracks is of uncommon size. The transverse and conjugate diameters, are eight or ten inches,—perhaps the horse which the great warrior rode. What appears to be most in

favor of their being the real tracks of animals they represent, is the circumstance of the horse's feet having slipped several inches, and recovered again—and the figures having all the same direction—like the trail of a company on a journey. If it be a *lusus naturæ*—the old dame never sported more seriously : if the operations of chance—there was never more apparent design. If it be work of art, it may be intended to perpetuate the remembrance of some remarkable event of war—or of some battle fought here. The vast heap of stone near the place—said to be tombs of warriors slain in the fight,—seem to favor the latter supposition. Some of the Cherokees entertain the opinion, that it always rains when any person visits the place—as if sympathetic Nature wept at the recollection of the dread catastrophe which these figures were intended to commemorate.”

Morse's Geography, p. 941.

By sweet Naucoochee's vale,
And Yonah's mountain old—
Fancy still lingers, and the long-lost tale—
The legends of the enchanted rock,
 Would fain unfold.
Here the great warrior on his giant horse,
With prowess'd arm, and heart unknowing fear,
 Perhaps the battle's shock
Withstood, and turn'd the fight with fatal blade.

Here his fierce courser's foot, with Titan force,
Deep on the mountain's marble tablet made

Its lasting trace—

That storms, nor tides, nor time can ne'er efface.

Lo! here the pride of war—the flower of hosts,

Ne'er known to yield—

Lay overthrown.

The star of battle, that in glory shone

O'er many a field—

In night here set.

All silent now the boasts

Of time, and old renown,

In ages flown.

Yes! he, the chief, whose thunder-bearing arm

Peopled the realms of death, and Stygian coasts,

With groaning shades, and through the dire alarm

Of conflict wild, where Fear and Fury met—

Where Onset and Dismay—

Havoc and Rage—

Midst whirling wheels and spurning steeds,

Saw maddening ranks engage—

His course on held as Danger led the way—

Through the long slaughterous day;

And by death sublime,

Deserved of glory the immortal meeds—

The sculptured marble, and the sacred rhyme—
At last lay number'd with the vulgar dead.

For lost the name,

The talisman and seal of Fame,

Her amulet bright—writ in every tongue—

The Hero and his deeds,

Have sunk unsung,

Forgotten, to the night-dark tomb of time.

Or say, O muse! a direr fate,

Do these memorials of olden date,

Thus dimly tell;

That the lost race who perish'd here, befell?

Who here in terror stood,

And saw the gulfs of judgment round them spread—

Here lastly fled,

With feet unblest,

Chased by the death-roused flood—

And from drowning plain and vale,

Beheld on hoof and wing,

Both bird and beast around the steep,

Ascending cling;—

And heard of multitudes the funeral wail,

Whelm'd in the all-devouring deep—

And were themselves at last swept away,

On the dark deluge day.

What are the mystic traces tell, Oh ! still,
Stronger ! with awe, the sacred scene draw near,
And reverential fear.
For here strange sounds, the air and caverns fill ;
And the wild Cherokee,
Believes that the heavens, in sympathy
For some sad event,
Commemorated by this monument—
But in Indian tradition forgot ;
Whene'er the Traveller here appears,
With clouded eye and showers of tears,
Weep o'er the sacred spot.*

* The writer of the communication in "The Athens Banner" mentions, that by a singular coincidence, or as if in confirmation of the Indian tradition, a shower fell, during his visit to the rock—though there had been no appearance of one when he set out on the excursion. But though the public are indebted to him, for his very interesting account of this great natural curiosity, he employed himself—while at the spot, we are sorry to state—with the true Celtic propensity to mutilation—in deliberately cutting, or chiselling out, one of the tracks—that of a female foot, (as he supposed it to be, from its great delicacy of proportion :) having, with malice aforethought, carried a mallet and chisel with him for the purpose. It ought surely to have occurred to him—that if every traveller, or visitor to the rock, committed the same depredation or violence upon it, this interesting curiosity would soon be mutilated, and entirely destroyed. The writer does not mention whether the shower fell before, or *after* this sacrilegious attack upon the monument.

THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH.

THE voyage of Ponce de Leon, a Spanish adventurer, in search of a "Fountain of Youth"—fabled to be situated somewhere in Florida—is well attested by the historians of his time. There exists a Spanish poem on this subject, of a burlesque character—in which the Fount is supposed to have been at last found; and is described as crowded by visitors, anxious to partake of its sanative and rejuvenating effects. Many of the "young," and of the "prematurely old," are among the "company at the springs," and are represented as equally "needing," and equally desirous of experiencing, the benefit of the waters. Numerous ludicrous scenes are described as occurring among these youthful debauches and invalids,—many of them being unexpectedly reduced to infancy, and other "under ages"—by the arch-virtuous efficacy, and rather too "literal" realization of the powers of the Fountain. They are thus placed in situations of distress truly "bizarre" and amusing,—this "reductio ad absurdum" of the fiction or current story of the day—having been one of the chief objects of the author of the poem. If the virtues of the celebrated "Mineral Springs" on the Suwaney were known to the Indians; and if the accounts we have of the cures, "re-

vivals," and restorations of crippled limbs, wrought by their waters—be at all correct; the above fable, which was so strangely and seriously credited by the early Spanish adventurers—may be traced to an obvious source, and was not without some foundation in fact.

“Both Siloe this, and Jordan doth excel,
The English Bath, and eke the German Spa;
Nor could Cephisse, nor Hebrus match this well.”*

As these life-giving springs may now be easily “found,” and as at least one of the attributes of youth—health—may be acquired by drinking their waters—a “voyage,” or journey in search of them, by our summer excursionists—would be both a more advisable, and less arduous, undertaking, than it was in the days of the unfortunate Ponce de Leon.

BEGUILED by vision vain,
Full long the Adventurer stretch'd his sail,
O'er seas unknown—
Bound on voyage wild and lone,
The wondrous Fount to gain,
By Indian fable placed
In secret vale,
And land sequester'd far in ocean's trackless waste:
The draught miraculous to fill,
That once to taste, was once again to live.

* Spenser.

That chased of Age the wintery chill,
And spite of Time,
Made bright the brow once more—
New vigor to life's weary springs could give,
And Youth's blooming prime,
With all its Joy's restore.

There sun-bows fresh, the flowery purlieu's crown'd,
And bowers of laughing bliss rose radiant round,
Bright as the morn: victorious o'er the grave—
Here Youth immortal rode the enchanted wave—
Upborne by surge-like shell,
Whose foaming prow,
The winged Loves and Blissés gay impel.
With smiling brow—

He holds on high the Amreeta Cup,
Fill'd with the elixir bright—the ambrosial dew
Of Life—to the Pilgrim pale,
By age down grown,
And bids him drink it up;
And with the draught forget his sorrows flown.
Bids him retrace the vale
Of years, and to the bowers of youth return—
Bloom with its bloom, and with its fires reburn—
And crop its Joys anew.

Such was the vision vain of Western skies,
That play'd before the fond sea-wanderer's eyes—
Like mirage o'er the watery syrt receding,
And onward still the follower, treacherous leading.

Oh! vain the thought! Oh! wild the dream!
Again on earth to find
The flowers Death-trodden on life's weary way;
That glitter'd in its morning beam
A space, fair-smiling with the hues of hope;
Those blooms that would not last,
E'en then, when soft the dallying wind,
And laughing vernal season woo'd their stay—
But fled, a fragile race, the pageants of a day.
That do but ope,
To fade, and leave behind
The tears that swell'd within their infant eyes,
As if prophetic of the coming blast,
And changing skies;
That shed no twilight gleam,
And see no star arise,
After their sun has set.
Oh! rather sure in Lethe's stream,
'Twere happier to forget
The Past, and all the pangs Remembrance brings:

The promises bright,
Of Hope's false rainbow, that delusive springs;
Whether midst Sorrow's tears,
Or in Life's morning sky, its smile appears—
Than the sad mockery to prove
Of Youth, without its joys renew'd.
O'er buried love;
And Friendship lost to weep—Affection's blight
To feel, and the weary cares
Of Age, and all its solitude,
Without its promised rest.
Like cold Aurora,* over regions dead
Wandering unblest—
Where the pale hours nor dews nor blossoms shed.
Hoping in vain the day that rises never:
Beauteous and sad—forlorn and restless ever,—
Environ'd still by wastes of death, and ever-during night.

* Aurora Borealis.

BRAZILIAN SCENERY.

It is generally supposed that the woods abound with birds, whose flight and note continually enliven the forest: but nothing can be more still and solitary than everything around,—the silence is appalling, and the desolation awful. Neither are disturbed by the sight or voice of any living thing, save one—which only adds to the impression. Among the highest trees, and in the deepest glens, a sound is sometimes heard—so singular, that the noise seems quite unnatural. It is like the clinking of metals, as if two lumps of brass were struck together; and resembles sometimes the distant and solemn tolling of a church-bell, struck at long intervals. This extraordinary sound proceeds from a bird called Araponga, or Guiraponga. It is about the size of a small pigeon,—white, with a red circle round its eyes. It sits on the tops of the highest trees, and in the deepest forests; and, though constantly heard in the most desert places—is very rarely seen. It is impossible to conceive of anything of a more solitary character, than the profound silence of the woods, broken only by the metallic and almost preternatural sound of this

invisible bird—coming from the air, and seeming to follow you wherever you go. I have watched with great perseverance when the sound seemed quite near me—and never but once caught a glance of the cause. It passed suddenly over the top of a very high tree, like a large flake of snow, and immediately disappeared.

Notices of Brazil, by the Rev. R. Walsh.

Whilst we lay in the noonday heat, shadowed under the thick wood, the very peculiar and romantic cry of the Campanero, or bell-bird—would be heard at intervals. It is white, about the size of a pigeon, with a leathery excrescence on its forehead ; and the sound which it produces in the lone woods, is like that of a convent bell, tolling at a distance.

Transatlantic Sketches, p. 29. By Capt. J. E. Alexander.

THE CAMPANERO.

HERE Nature, clad in vestments rich and gay,
Sits like a Queen, in gorgeous palace lone—
And sees naught move, and hears no sound all day—
Save from its cloudy source the torrent tumbling,
And to the mountain's foot its glories humbling :
Or wild-woods to the desert gale that moan—
Or far the Campanero's note deep tolling
From the pine's glossy spire, where the breeze,
Disporting o'er the green and shoreless seas,

Impels the leafy billows, ever rolling.
It comes again, sad as a passing bell,
That solitary note—unseen whence swell
The tones so drear—so secret is the shade,
Where that coy dweller of the glooms has made
His lonely perch. Behind his verdant screen,
He nestles, or like transient snow-flake's flash,
Or flying foam, that winds from torrents dash—
Plunges to stiller haunts, where hangs sublime
The wandering water-vine,* its pitcher green,
Fill'd from the cloud: where but the Bear may climb,
Or thirsting savage, when the summer ray
Has dried each fount, and parch'd the desert-way.
There safe he dips refresh'd his pearly bill,
In lymph more pure than from or spring or rill.
No longer by the wandering Indian shared,
The dewy draught he there may quaff unscared.
For vacant now glooms every glen and grove,
Where erst he saw, the quiver'd red man rove,—

* (*Tillisandria intriculata, and liqulata.*) The leaves are protuberant below, and form vessels like pitchers—which catch and retain the rain-water; furnishing cool and limpid draughts to the heated traveller, in elevations where no water is to be found. The quantity of fluid contained in these reservoirs, is sometimes very considerable; and in attempting to reach the flower-stem, I have been often drenched by upsetting the plant.—*Walsh*, p. 170.

Saw like the Otter's brood upon the stream,
His wild-eyed offspring sport, or 'neath the tree,
Share with the birds kind Nature's bounty free.
Changed is the woodland scene; like morning dream,
The race have vanish'd, to return no more,—
Gone from the forest side—the river's shore.*
Is it for this, thou lone and hermit bird,
That thus thy knell-like note so sad is heard,
Sounding from every desert-shade and dell,
Where once they dwelt, where last they wept farewell?
They fled, till wearied with the bloody chase,
Or stopp'd by the rich spoil, their brethren pale,
Sated, the dire pursuit surceased a space.†

* During the administration of the Marquis de Pombal, these people (the Indians) were protected; and it was decreed that no Indian should be reduced to a state of slavery. . . . By a mistaken humanity, however, permission was given to the Brazilians to convert their neighbors to Christianity. . . . The Indians were everywhere hunted down for the sake of their salvation. Wars were excited among the tribes, for the laudable purpose of bringing in each other captives, to be converted to Christianity. The consequence was, that all who could escape—retired to the remotest forests; and there is not one now to be found in a state of nature, in all this wooded country.—*Walsh*, p. 47.

† The Portuguese settle only where they meet with mines—and leave the richer lands, with which the country abounds, uncultivated.—*Walsh*.

While Memory's eye o'er the sad picture fills,
They fade, nor leave behind or wreck or trace;
The valiant tribes forgotten on their hills,
And seen no more in wilderness or vale.

THE BURIED KING.

“CARLO ALVOTA, of Corneto, was conducting an excavation at Tarquina, in partnership with the late Lord Kiniaird, when he was rewarded for his expenditure of trouble and money, by an enjoyment, which he says was the most exquisite of his life,—the discovery of an Etruscan monarch, with his crown and panoply. He entirely confirmed the account which I have received in Rome, of his adventure with the Lucumo;* on whom he gazed for full five minutes, from the aperture above the door of his sepulchre. He saw him crowned with gold,—clothed in armor, with a shield, spear, and arrows, by his side; and extended on his stone bier. But a change soon came over the figure,—it trembled, and crumbled, and vanished away; and, by the time an entrance was effected—all that remained was the golden crown, a handful of dust, with some fragments of the arms.”

Tour to the Sepulchres of Etruria, by Mrs. Hamilton Gray.

WHILE ages roll'd, and Night and Day,
O'er earth pursued their April play—
While empires rose, through toiling centuries rear'd,

* The Etruscan term for king or chief.

To glory and prosperity,
Then conquer'd fell, or crumbling disappear'd ;
All lone the buried monarch lay.

Perish'd his proud posterity—
His banner gorgeous as the cloud of morn,
By steel-clad hosts, so oft in glory borne—
Sunk ne'er to rise, in that fierce battle-tide,
With giant struggle where a nation died.

“The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament”—
That tells the dire event.

The god has fled his shrine.
The Fawn and Nymph divine,
With shrieks depart, their groves and grottos leaving—
That murmur still, as still their absence grieving :

A nation's knell is rung.
No more by flower-wreath'd fount and streamlet
stray'd

The wooing youth, and soft consenting maid—
No more the shepherd sung—
Nor blithely danced the wreath-crown'd village bands.
The peasant by the hill-side ceased his toil,
And sadly follow'd to far lands
The Victor, cumber'd with a Kingdom's spoil.

Lo ! one by one,
The dwellers of the city too have gone.
Mingling with another race,
Soon lost in every trace,
Of a People and their Power.

The ship now passes by the desert strand,
Age-rent and dark, behold the Pharos stand !
And in the evening dim of Time,
An Empire's ruins sublime,
Tottering and gray, are seen—or sink with final fall,
And o'er its realms wide-spread, oblivion's shadows lower.
All have departed but the dead.

Lo ! still supreme above the coffin'd crowd,
In regal pomp, reclines the monarch proud.

In lonely hall,
Where Death and Silence keep
Their watch, by crown and pall,
He lies, as in enchanted sleep.

Ere Rome her instinct dread
Yet felt, or heard the cry of war—
Or snuff'd her quarry from afar—
Thus did he go in sovereign state to rest.
Thus slept, while her banner unblest,
Midst blood and terror unfurl'd,
Waved o'er a subject world :

And while the gale of conquests prosperous blew,
O'er farthest lands and fiercest nations flew.

Thus slept, while onward roll'd her armed towers,

Over crush'd Cities and Powers,

And Princedoms and Dominions falling round,

Startled the earth with the deathful sound.

The dust of battle still her cloud by day,

The flaming capital, her pillar of fire

By night :

Her Eagle's scream still heard above the fight,

As fierce it rush'd uncloy'd from prey to prey—

Rising like Phoenix from each funeral pyre ;

While in triumphant car elate,

Her crimson-veil'd* Chief, like victor god,

Follow'd by captive Kings—sublimely rode,

In martial state.

But though the dead slept on, the vengeance dire

Of Heaven awoke—the guilty to o'erwhelm.

The measure of her offence is full, e'en now.

Though iron-girt her wide imperial realm—

Though proud defiance sits upon her brow—

Hark ! as with the sound of storms,

From far Tanais—from the Caspian coasts,

* The Roman conquerors wore a crimson veil, or mask, when riding in triumph.

Caucasian heights, and Scythian syrts of snow—
Numerous as Lybia's sands, or locust swarms,
 Forth rush the Tartar hosts,
And fearless seek in its vast bloody den,
 The destroyer of men :
 The monster and its brood,
 Where gorged with prey,
 Bloated and torpid they lay.
Beleaguer'd now in turn by countless foes,
 The seven-headed Terror rose—
But carnage-cloy'd, and quench'd its battle mood ;
Its crest, though glittering still with glory's ray,
 Shook war and fear no more,
O'er shrinking nations, and from shore to shore.
By the arrowy clouds of death surrounded,
By auguries dread, and threatening fates confounded—
 Midst forked lightnings play,
 Riven and thunder-slain,
 In tempests the Dragon fell,
Outstretch'd a mighty wreck, on the war-darken'd plain ;
 Its relics left, and a wasted world to tell
 Its red career.
Yet came no sound of battle to the ear
 Of the crown'd sleeper in his sepulchre dark—
Nor shook the giant's fall his death-watch'd bier.

But hark !

Though sounds not yet the Angel's trumpet-blast,

The dead to disentomb—

And raise to life's immortal bloom—

His prison-gates are burst at last.

Behold ! the light of morn

Breaks on the grave, and that diadem'd brow

Still awes the gazer, though of glory shorn,

As when in palaces it shone.

But powerless now

The scepter'd hand—and lo ! like startled ghost,

Or vanish'd thought, the regal Phantom's gone,

And sudden sinks, in night eternal lost.

E'en his last resting-place now knows him not.

The deserted hall,

And empty pall,

Thus whisper from the past—

That naught of man shall live, nor e'en his relics last.

That scepter and crown,

And palace shall go down,

And King and Kingdom be forgot.

THE DANCE OF THE DESERT.

THE following striking description of the whirlwinds of the Lybian Desert—is given by Bruce, in his Abyssinian Travels :—

“In that vast expanse of desert from west to north, and west of him—he saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand, at different distances,—moving at times with great celerity; at others, stalking on with majestic slowness. At intervals, he thought they were coming in a very few minutes to overwhelm him and his companions. Again, they would retreat so far as to be almost out of sight—their tops reaching to the very clouds. Sometimes they were broken near the middle, as if struck with a large cannon-shot. About noon, they began to move with considerable swiftness upon them; the wind being very strong at north. Eleven of these awful visitors ranged alongside of them at the distance of three miles. They then retired from them with a wind at south-west,—leaving an impression on the mind of our intrepid traveller to which he could give no name. It was in vain to think of flying: the swiftest horse, or fast-sailing ship, would have been of no use to carry us out of danger. They be-

came, immediately after sunset, like a thick wood ; and almost darkened the sun. His rays shining through them for near an hour—gave them the appearance of pillars of fire. At another time, they were terrified by an army of these pillars, whose march was constantly south. The sun shining through the pillars—which were thicker, and contained more sand, apparently, than any of the preceding ones—seemed to give those nearest an appearance as if spotted with gold.”

THE Sandwhirls of the Syrts behold !
Titanian forms ! forth issuing, as of old—
 They rush'd to whelm
Fate-led Cambyzes, in that fiery realm,
Where Death, with desert-shaking tread,
 His ministers of wrath,
 Like marshal'd giants led,
 Swift on their blasted path,
To bury beneath mountains hurl'd
 The Leader and his Host.
 There sunk, but not in blood,
Beneath the dry and flaming flood,
 The unvanqish'd brave.
Vanish'd the proud and plumed array—
Cohorts steel-bright, and banners wide unfurl'd,

In tumult, and in thickening tempests lost :

While o'er the sudden grave

High the fiery whirlwinds curl'd.

Like apparitions dread

Of those regions dead,

Or monsters fierce, the earth that rive

In rage : their fearful revelry

There keeping, that none might see—

Where none might live.

Lo ! in weird dance,

They wheel on feet of fire ;

Now near approach, now far retire.

Anon, together driven,

Their sandy sails

Outspreading to the sultry gales—

Swift o'er the sea-broad syrts in fleets advance,

Spurning the spraying dust to heaven.

With dreadful pause, lo ! now array'd they stand,

Tall towering o'er the regions drear and bright.

Wing'd whirlpools of the abyss of sand—

The upward-pouring floods—

Here muster wild, till thick as frowning woods

They crowd—while in their shadows grim,

As in eclipse, the day grows dim.

But bird, nor living thing,

Nor balmy breeze, nor murmuring spring,
Move in those dreadful shades.

Pierced by the sun's slant beam,
Like pillars huge, spotted with gold,
Or ruins now they seem,

Of some Cyclopean temple old,
Whose mighty base,

The sandy sea, with burning wave abrades :

Till come the Noon Spirits panting—

Led by the purple-hair'd Simoom,

The Sand-King fierce, with mighty mace

To smite the columns red asunder,

That fall by sudden doom,

In cloudless thunder.

The wonders vanish—and its wand enchanting,

Full oft the Spirit of the Mirage waves,

Where late more wild than when the ocean raves,

Raged the roused Syrts—rise hills and valleys green,

Spread groves of grateful gloom,

And wander amber streams

Through softly-pencil'd glades—

A fair Elysian scene.

Like picture on some crystal vase,

Heat-struck, or play of feverish dreams.

Oh ! even here, where Nature pales and fades

In death—the present God, we awed behold;
In every scene his greatness trace,
Or mercy see:
His goodness own in autumn's bounteous store—
And in deserts his power adore.

AN ADVENTURE.

THE sun, as wrapt in sable shroud,
Went down behind a wintry cloud,
And wild the wind swept o'er the wold,
Where his lone way a warrior bold
On held, and saw no shelter near—
Until a castle dark and drear,
He reach'd,—that rear'd its towers black—
Frowning to the flying rack.
His Bugle at the gates he blew—
But only the lone raven flew
Croaking from the battlement,
Scared by the shrilly blast he sent.
But, when thrice the horn was wound,
The iron gates, with sullen sound,
Unclosed, and wide expanded stood:
A space the knight in musing mood

Paused—then o'er the threshold strode,—
Resolved t' explore the grim abode.
And soon by dark and winding stair
A hall he gain'd—a banquet there
Spread rich before his wond'ring sight,
Sparkling with cates and goblets bright!
Yet nor host nor guest he saw.
When, lo! behold! (a sight to awe
The boldest)—to that board drew near
A phantom-knight, with falchion bare,—
Who down, as master of the feast,
Sat, and grim pointed to his guest
A place,—then touch'd the goblet's rim,
And sign'd the knight he'd drink to him.
That knight, who naught had e'er dismay'd,
Fearless sat before the shade,
And with stern nod return'd his pledge.
Then, urged by hunger's keenest edge,
He revell'd at the plenteous board,
Till fill'd. A measure then he pour'd
To his phantom host, who drank again
To him—but sudden dash'd amain
His crystal goblet to the floor,
And beck'ning, slow withdrew—each door
Its vasty valves before it spread

Wide. The knight, with martial tread,
The shadow follow'd through proud rooms—
Once gay, but now with feral glooms
Hung; while round deep silence reign'd—
Until a vaulted roof they gain'd—
Until before a mighty tomb
They stood—for such it seem'd—a womb
Of death. With grinning skull and bone
The gates were wrought, 'neath arch of stone,—
A ghastly work!—and loud within
Was heard what seem'd the demon-din
Of penal realms: while, strew'd around,
Were relics sad of knights renown'd,
Who there in dire adventure fell—
And left their dust alone to tell
Their doom. The spectre here the gate
Pointed, where a scroll of fate
Display'd on high appear'd—of dire
Portent—thus writ in words of fire:—
“Mortal! from hence is no return!
Yet Death rear'd not the penal bourne;
But Hope still bids the valiant dare,
Who nor death nor demons fear.
She smiles beyond in bowers bright,
And beckons on the fearless knight.”

The phantom then his falchion bared,
Dash'd sternly down, and disappear'd.
The warrior seized the weapon straight,
And dauntless strode towards the gate,—
When, lo! its ghastly folds ope flew,
And, hideous to his startled view,
A scene of Tartarus display'd
That might the boldest have dismay'd.
A lurid light the sad confine
Illum'd; and there a form divine
Was seen—a damsel to the wall
Of that dread dungeon chain'd. The thrall
Of Demons,—who, on harpy feet,
And some on vampire pinions fleet,
Towards the knight in fury flew,
To seize upon a victim new.
Yet shrunk not the bold Paladin,
But brandish'd fierce his weapon keen,
And rush'd upon the evil host—
Or he, too, there had sunk, forelost.
Although no foe his falchion slew,
Backward shrunk the ravening crew.
And soon the damsel's long-worn chain
With trenchant blow he hew'd in twain.
With shrieks, like frightened kites through air,

The fiends disperse, and disappear.
The magic towers in thunder round
Down crumble; and on fairy ground
They stand—the warrior and the maid,
Where Nature fair, by art array'd,
Seem'd wedded with eternal spring.
Birds of bright hue around them sing.
The turf a regal carpet spread
Of gold and gloom beneath their tread.
Fountains, like crystal bowers, here
Their liquid tendrils wreath in air,
And murm'ring seem by music rear'd—
And all a scene of bliss appear'd.
The damsel, now from wizard power
Released, the knight to festal bower
On led, where feasts and love's delight
Cheer'd the day and wing'd the night;
Where fairy bards his fame prolong,
And this the burden of their song,—
“Such bliss was for the knight prepared,
Who nor death nor demons fear'd.”

THE WILDERNESS.

No. I.

'TWAS a still moon of sunshine and of shade,
And o'er the forests and the prairies stole
Shadows and gleams—as o'er the tranquil soul
Its wayward fancies float. The hills afar
Shone sudden out—and now the streamlet near
Was wrapt in gloom. Or fierce the sultry star
Bask'd on the woods—while twilight shadows play'd
The treeless desert o'er. Their April play
The beams and clouds prolong'd thus all the day.
No sound, save the Cicada's voice I heard,
That chirp'd, rejoicing in the burning air—
Or locust dinning from the bristly pine,
Perch'd on its topmast brush of glossy green.
For, driven by the oppressive hour, each bird
To mossy depths, where ne'er the golden line

Of sunbeam reach'd—had slunk, and panted there.
The bright-wing'd summer-duck alone was seen,
Coasting the forest-lake, amidst its reeds,
Seeking his food with long-immersed head :
The darting Minnow tribes, or sappy seeds,
Stirring the bottom oft with busy beak.
But who can paint the colors that adorn
His pinions, rivaling the wings of morn !
The tints that flush the flower—the dies that freak
The ocean-shell, or glowing greet the eye,
When Iris rears her arch of triumph high,
After the tempest—in the evening sky ;
All burn emblazed upon his plumage fair.
Of the wild flock he seems the proud Casique.
Brightest of all the feather'd tribes of air,
With flower-tints deck'd, whose bloom no season sears.
A graceful crest like plummy casque he wears,
Now bristled up in fear—now rear'd in pride,
Or close smoothed down, to pass beneath the spray,
Spread o'er his moving path, that glides away,
And bears him on to deeper solitude—
Through dreary depths but to the trout beside
Known—amidst roots and watery thickets rude.
Oft by the sable trunk stretch'd in the tide,
Like fallen Titan—by its mighty bulk,

Above the flood uprear'd—with plumes composed,
Midst grass and feathering canes he sits enclosed.
Happy in his beauty and secure retreats,
Where never storm invades, or sunbeam beats.
O'er head he sees the fierce-eyed wild-cat skulk,
On branching bridge, safe o'er the waters borne.
There to the blade close clings the pale-green frog;
Or roll'd up on the lichen-cover'd log,
Basks the pied snake, where falls the casual beam
From the high leafy ceiling. The noon heats
Thus safe he shuns, within those twilight chambers.
Or now o'er logs and tangled vines he clambers,
And forth his female leads, and downy team,
O'er the black flood, like some fair cloud of morn,
Glowing more radiant in the rear of night.
In that deep solitude, with wild delight
Their young ones sport and dive, or with quick eye
The light mosquito mark, or gilded fly
Pursue, on ice-like wing, that wanders by.
Thy temple Nature ! here by hands unseen
Rear'd, and thy altar dress'd with living green,
Oh ! echo not the bleeding victim's cries !
But joyous notes, like happy hymns that rise.
While grateful incense from each shrub and flower
Ascends to Him, the blest all-bounteous Power—

Who, ere his favor yet was sought with blood,
Thus bade thee smile, and gave thy innocent brood
To sport and play, "and saw that it was good;"
And bade man learn within thy sacred fane
His ways are peace, "his service joy, not pain."
The golden day, its bright *Shekinah* made—
And its mysterious veil unrent, night's starry shade.

THE WILDERNESS.

No. II.

FAR from the humming haunts of man I stray'd,
Journeying on lonely path, from day to day.
The forest's grassy hills of open shade
Now traced—with freshening breeze and foam'd cascade,
And warbling wood-bird, animate and gay.
And now through leafy door, and sunless hall,
Where singly on the ground the day-beam fell,
Like lightning-shaft through night—where silent all
And dark around, the air its breath by spell
Suspense appear'd to hold: till bright before
My view, spread wide the prairie's flowery floor,
Like regal woof, or tissue fair unroll'd—
Glowing with orient tints—with flowers purpled o'er,
Rich as the sky of eve, with mingled gloom and gold.
A landscape limn'd by Nature's cunning skill
With lake and lawn—with wood and verdant hill.
Illum'd with aureate light, or shaded dark,
By airy island-grove, and solemn park.

As magic-garden fair, and still as thought—
Bright tinged with hues from clouds and rainbows
caught.*

A pilgrim, Nature, to thy secret shrine,
Now o'er the dew-boss'd flower that blush'd unseen,
I sigh'd, and "call'd each Druid oak divine,"
Enraptured by the wild and sylvan scene.
Now set the sun on that bright ocean's breast,
Like Phoenix sinking in its spicey nest;
While soar'd the eagle to the eye half lost,
Its opal billows o'er, or its far coast
Skimm'd with late flight. Now plunged in the green
deep,

The hare or prairie-hen to seize, there couch'd in sleep.
Here e'en the roving Indian ceased the chase,
As to the limits of his range arrived;
On reach'd at last, the happy hunting-place,
By forest-bards foretold, and savage prophecy.
Yet of his arrowy scepter undeprived,
Like sovereign proud in lonely palace laid,
Here slept the painted chief beneath the tree.

* The prairies of Alabama and Opelousas, in Louisiana—are of limited extent, and present enchanting and beautifully variegated landscapes. Those of Missouri and the Far West, are immense plains, of monotonous aspect, and devoid of any rural beauty.

In careless slumber, and with martial grace,
The warlike youth reclined. Enforced to fly,
But unsubdued—still monarch of the shade,
A Parthian shaft for his pale enemy
He keeps—his doom foreknown, views undismay'd.
But not as wont, to conquer or to die,
Now wars: his choice but a fleeting space,
Thus to live free, then with his name and race
To perish, and no more; Oh! Earth! ask room,
Or on thy bosom, or within the tomb.
His native lodge remote, o'er weedy seas,
That sends its smoke, and perch'd near stream by sail
Or foam-wheel'd chariot of his brethren pale,
As yet unvex'd—that but the wild-duck skims,
Or prowling bear, or antler'd elk-herd swims;
The adventurous warrior left on distant quest
Of game, his share to gather for the feast
And merry dance, when next the moon should rise
Above the corn, whose silken tress now flies,
Like fairy pennon, bright with prisms dies.*
Yet e'en these joys he gladly would forego
For sweet revenge: a brother's blood still cries
From out the ground, and even now, each day,
All stealthy as the wild-turkey seeks her nest,

* The green-corn festival.

He steals still nearer to his wareless foe,
And soon will vengeance deal the deathful blow.
High o'er his head, blithe chirp'd the red-bird bright,*
That in the depths of sunless forests dwells—
Coy, from the smoke of Indian hut remote;
Or wings like wafted flower on his way—
Untaught—his wild-wood path pursuing gay.
Graceful his gracile form, and sweet his note,
As from the forest's desert tops it swells.
Gorgeous his vest, with tints of tropic light
Flaming—the season's emblem rich he glows,
On Summer's finger perch'd. The sighing pines,
O'er vasty barrens stretch'd—where sultry shines
The sun through the thin shade, or thicker throws
The dark Perkösen,† or tall swamp its shade,
And palls the shuddering ground with death-like glooms;
Where the bear, climbing, lops the acorn'd boughs,‡
Or the fox robs the vines, whose leafy rooms
Exclude the day—whose drupes a dower bring
To barren boughs, that fruits unwanted shed,

* The summer red-bird.

† An Indian term, still used in North Carolina,—signifying *rich*, or *hammock* land.

‡ At the season when the bears are feeding on the nuts and other fruits of the forest—the noise they make in *lopping*, or breaking the boughs of the trees—may be heard for a considerable distance.

As Fortune's golden hand capricious showers
Her gifts, full oft upon unworthy head.
These are his haunts, and hence his flaming wing,
Like banner bright, on his high leafy towers
Secure he waves—and looks contemptuous down
On the red-hunter passing far beneath,
Or panther pausing in the chase of death,
Scenting his prey. The gold-headed paroquet,
And eagle, sole, those lonely heights with him
Divide. The vast magnolia here its crown,
Like sovereign of the forest, wears. Here swim
The lily's flowers on the lake unwet,
And seem as freshly from the heavenly bowers,
By the star-scattering hand of Night, there shed.
The venturous humming-bird, the watery floor
Oft wings, to hang their fuming censers o'er ;
While the gay butterfly, at distant scans
The silver isles of bliss, and vainly plies
Against the baffling breeze his gaudy vans,
Or seeks to kiss, within the watery bed,
His flower-like form, that imaged there he eyes.
Here like the shooting-lights that shun the day—
Here fall the snowy blossoms of the Bay ;
And as with frosted-silver all the ground
Enrich, its base and stately column round.

Sure not for man, unworthy, who kept not
His happy state in Eden's blooming shade,
Its virgin bowers for his tendance made ;
Nor for the lower creatures, Nature, say ?
O'er hill and plain, and by each streamlet's side,
Thou trailest thus thy gorgeous robes in pride,
And as for jubilee, adornest each spot.
No ! purer spirits here still make abode—
“And here we more behold the present God,
Than when beneath the citron dome he stands,
In golden radiance, wrought by Phidian hands.”
No ! Man comes but thy precincts to profane,
And with rude hand to mar thy holy fane.
Till as from out the sacred porch of old,
The race, who there their God forgot for gold,
Were driven ; so expell'd, the groveling crew
Shall fly the sanctuary, who there still view
Naught but its riches—to their idol true.
Yes ! blight, sterility, and earthquake-throes,
Shall drive them forth, through distant lands to roam,
With beasts of prey, and yet more vengeful foes,
Still to contend, without or rest or home.*

* Allusion is here made to the earthquakes experienced on the Mississippi, some years ago ; and to the restless habits of our border-population.

THE ORANGE-TREE.

GROVES of the sour and bitter-sweet orange (the latter a very pleasant fruit) abound in the peninsula of East Florida. They form a great source of support to the wandering Seminole Indians; who cook, or roast the sour species: a process by which its harsh acerbity is much ameliorated. When loaded with their golden fruit, they glitter in the sun, and dazzle the beholder—and seem to realize the fable of the orchards of the Hesperides.

THY bough sure mingled in the bowers,
That shelter'd the first Pair, in Eden's hours!
Like adorous stars thy flowers of silver seem—
Thy fruit, the hue of the sun's beam.

Oh! shield me in thy gold-dropping shade—
In thy Hesperian grove, enrapt I stray'd;
And Sorrow's self, as tranced she view'd the spot—
Her deeper gloom forgot.

Even the far-driven Indian here—
Is gentle—and his humble Camp will share :
His store of fruit and game—poor forest-ranger !
With the welcomed stranger.

His arms hung near—threat but the woodland game,—
For hunted now himself—no more by Fame,
Or Vengeance fired, he treads the martial dance,*
Or leads the stealthy march askance—

On wareless foe ; or fiercely quaffs to Death,
The drink of war,†—and grasps the glorious wreath
Of Victory, and from the hated head
Of enemy, the trophy red—

Wild rends, and wakes the fearful whoop of war.
Yet free, though fallen—and still fear'd though far :

* The war-dance is generally celebrated after a war has been resolved on, and immediately preceding a hostile expedition.

† The *black drink*, with which the Indians physic themselves when going to war, is here alluded to. For they drench, prepare, and train themselves for a campaign—as we do a race-horse for the course. The war-whoop is a peculiarly fierce and startling shout, and consists of a rapid succession of sharp, piercing trills or shakes—which are uttered at the moment of onset ; and to which the Indian alone can give their proper and full effect.

Nature his nurse, and kind companion still,
Her greenest shade, her sweetest rill—

Reserves for him ; with him her Sabbath keeps.
But see ! recede the wilds, where calm it sleeps ;
And fast from forest's side, and prairie floor,
Fades—to return no more.

And is the blood of kindred then forgot ?
Ah ! surely no ! It cries still from the spot
Where first it fell : the grass upon their graves,
As in the breeze it waves—

Seems beckoning him from far. But dark above,
Frowns the *Great Spirit* : and, He whose love
Once prosper'd his red children—now in wrath,
To exile points their path.

'Tis Fate's decree ! Lo ! now the chaser chased,
Yet still they find, as wont, in wood and waste—
Nature's free bounties spread—a plenteous store :
But soon she'll give no more.

As earthquake-struck, the rocks, the forests fall,
The streams run back, and fire-wing'd forms appall*

* The clearing of the wilderness, blasting of rocks, steaming against streams, and other triumphs over Nature—which signalize

Their hearts ; as Demons wrapt in smoky gloom—
On drive them to their doom.

Oh, strength misused ! that for protection given,
The feeble crushes. But avenging Heaven
Its bolts prepares. And lo ! where Discord shakes
On high, her hissing snakes ;

And lift her torch o'er all the darken'd lands.
Brothers against brothers raise their Cain-like hands ;
Freedom departs—and Glory flies the fields,
Where Victory no laurels yields.

the march of improvement, and lead to the extermination of the
unprogressive portions of the human race, are here referred to.

FROM “THE DEATH OF ADONIS;”

AN UNFINISHED MASQUE, OR MELO-DRAMA.

MERCURY.

It was upon that morn of baneful birth,
That saw Adonis die, I trod the earth.
At last to those bright blooming bowers I came,
Where first fair Venus told the youth her flame.
But ah! the laughing loves, and joys no more
Soar'd in the shades, or arm-link'd stroll'd the shore.
No more the Muses swept their lyres divine,
Or heap'd rich incense on the Idalian shrine.
The Satyr's danced no more, but all was gloom—
Aghast they saw their favorite seats assume
The hues of death, they ne'er beheld till then—
Their pipes they dropt, and each in deepest den
Astonish'd sate. And as those shaggy men

The Fauns amazed, like statues in the shade,
Unmoving stood; the groves no murmurs made.
Silent the streams that erst in happier hours
Warbled wild music to the rocks and flowers:
And all about the islands sacred bound,
Low groan'd the sea, and shudder'd oft the ground.
And stood the sky in black unmoving clouds,
And sate the sea-gods on the waves in crowds;
Dim sadness in their cheeks, and every eye
Was hung with the bright pearl of sympathy.
And shrouded midst the scene, in deep despair,
Bright Venus' self I saw—her golden hair,
Dishevell'd, o'er her moon-bright shoulder lay,
While tears and kisses on the lifeless clay
Of the dear youth, with stooping grief bestow'd,
The wild excess of love, ah! vainly show'd.
He lay in godlike beauty on the ground—
In the gash'd groin appear'd the fatal wound.
His listless arm, and head extended, told
That Death now spread his horrid empire cold
O'er those bright limbs that Love so lately arm'd
With soft seduction, and with vigor warm'd.
Her Nymphs or stood in weeping groups around,
Or prostrate lay, and deathlike, clasp'd the ground.
Or here with wreaths awry, in thickets sate,

Or wander'd by the streams, and mused his fate.
Hush'd was each breeze, and hush'd was every bird—
And on the mountains high and dark, I heard
The Dryads groaning round the blood-stain'd sod,
Where parted his last sigh—and Love's bright god—
Through the cleft clouds I saw, with tearful eye,
And languid wing, reseek his native sky.
The Hopes, the Loves, the Graces, left the shore,
Fair Venus wept, and Pleasure was no more.

TRANSLATION

Of the XXth Ode of the First Book of Horace.

I.

MY friend ! the man who truth reveres
And lives without a stain,
Needs not the guard of Moorish spears,
Or arrows dipt in bane.

II.

Whether parch'd Afric's deserts brown,
Or Scythian snows he braves ;
Or wanders where his shores unknown,
Fabled Hydaspes laves.

III.

For late as carelessly I stray'd,
To Lœlia "versing love,"

A wolf rush'd from the Sabine shade,
And fled. Protecting Jove!

IV.

Thy kindly care, oh! let me own,
Still round my footsteps spread—
That thus the bard, unarm'd—alone;
The shaggy savage fled.

V.

A monster more inured to blood,
Ne'er prowld the Apulian waste—
No fiercer of her lion-brood
O'er Afric's sands ere pass'd.

VI.

But place me near the frozen Pole,
By sunbeams never blest—
Where ever-hailing tempests roll,
And clouds inclement rest.

VII.

Or place me near Sol's burning car,
Midst syrts ne'er cool'd by shade—

I still will sing my Lœlia far,
Beloved, bewitching maid !

The “*dulce ridentem, dulce loquentum*” of the original, can scarcely be well rendered in English : we have, therefore, ventured to give a different turn to the conclusion of the present version.

LINES,

On Smith's Picture of the Death of Robin Hood.

IN this picture, the outlaw is represented as in his last moments, reclining on his couch, in a hunter's dress—and feebly raising his bow, and discharging an arrow from it to a short distance; death, and the “ruling passion,” alike depicted in his romantic and pallid face.

No more in forest green
Is the bold Freebooter seen;
No more with his merry-men all,
Reveling in wealth-heap'd cave, or leafy hall;
Or by the wild wayside,
Waiting the traveller lone, or Burgher's train of pride.
Gold from the rich with bloody hand now tearing—
Now with the pilgrim poor, the treasure sharing.

A daring hunter ! for his game was man,
Whose life he measured with his bow's short span.

Of Death himself he seem'd the bowyer-son—
Peopling the forest's gloom with gliding ghosts ;
With added shades, like Pluto's dreary coasts.

But pierced himself at last, his course is done.
Lo ! now upon his dying couch he lies ;

But dauntless still, though pales the vital flame,
With feeble hand and fading eyes,

His favorite bow once more he strives to aim ;
As if the flying Hart he'd pierce,
Or roused for fight, with unquench'd valor fierce,
The level'd dart of life's last foe he'd brave,
In duel dark across the grave.

Lo ! his last shaft is sped :

And though on peaceful couch—like warrior slain
In combat red, on battle plain,
The robber-chief falls dead.

LINES,

ON THE INTERMENT OF THE REMAINS OF MAJOR DADE'S
COMMAND, AT ST. FRANCIS'S BARRACKS, ST. AUGUS-
TINE, EAST FLORIDA.

I.

THEIR country still with pious care,
The dust of the departed brave
Preserves, and with immortal tear,
Bedews the patriot-soldier's grave.

II.

And hence the cannon's thunder tolls,
And moves in pomp the funeral by.
Freedom her drooping banner folds*
In grief, and bends to earth her eye.

* The flags of the different companies were carried furled—as is usual, we believe, in all military funerals.

III.

Sad was the drum's low muffled sound—
The note of the complaining fife;
The multitude stood mute around,
And wept the wreck of youthful life,*

IV.

As to their resting-place were borne
The relics of the heroic dead.
But though Columbia long shall mourn
Your fate—yet o'er the record red,

V.

With mingled pride her breast shall glow—
Oh! Heroes of that forest fight—
Where round your country's flag laid low,
You left that flag still streaming bright,

VI.

Unsullied, or by flight or fear:
Its stars of glory through the gloom
On beaming, while no succor near,
Its brave defenders met their doom,

* All the officers, and most of the privates, composing the command—were, as we have been informed, young men.

VII.

And in unequal combat fell.

But, Heirs of Memory and Time!

Your names the note of Fame shall swell,

And ever grace the Muse's rhyme.

VIII.

Spring o'er the spot her flowers shall wreath,

Briefly to shine, and brightly die,

Like you; and sadly there shall breathe

The forest, its eternal sigh.

ELEUSINIAN HYMN.

THE following Hymn, in which the Unity of the Deity is promulged, and the purest morality taught—was sung at the opening of the “Eleusinian Mysteries.” The original, of which we here offer a version, is preserved by Eusebius. The Hierophant, clothed in a cœrulean robe, and bearing a scepter topped with wings, (intended as emblems of Nature and the Deity,) came forward during the celebration of the Mysteries, and sung this Hymn to “the Initiated.”

HENCE, ye Profane !

But ye who from corruption's stain
Are free—ye Initiate hear !

Listen now !

The awful truths that I declare.
And thou ! oh, Museus ! Thou !
Blest offspring of Selené fair—

Attend the song !

And through the veil-hung roof the sacred strain prolong.

Oh ! let not Error, let not Passion, mar

Thy Destiny ; and thy happy Star,

Truth-crown'd, shall lead thee to the height of Heaven,

The bliss to the Holy given.

Oh ! take the virtuous part—

Revere the aspect Divine,

Of Nature—and before her shrine,

Keep pure the mind, and govern well the heart.

Know He, the one Supreme—

Who rules the worlds—whose eye's far-piercing beam

The Universe surveys—

From whom all Being sprung :

Know He exists alone !

But by his glories and his mercies known.

Him then praise,

With golden lyre, and inspired tongue.

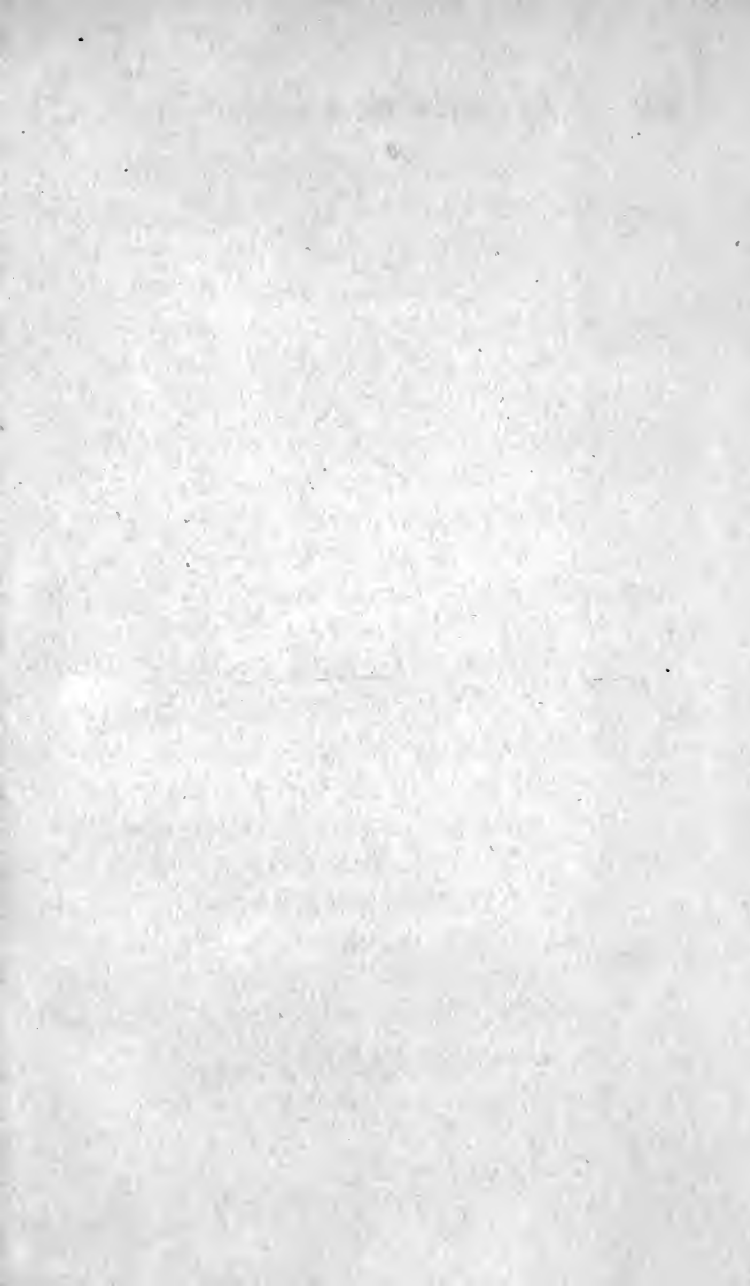
Swell the holy hymn with awe !

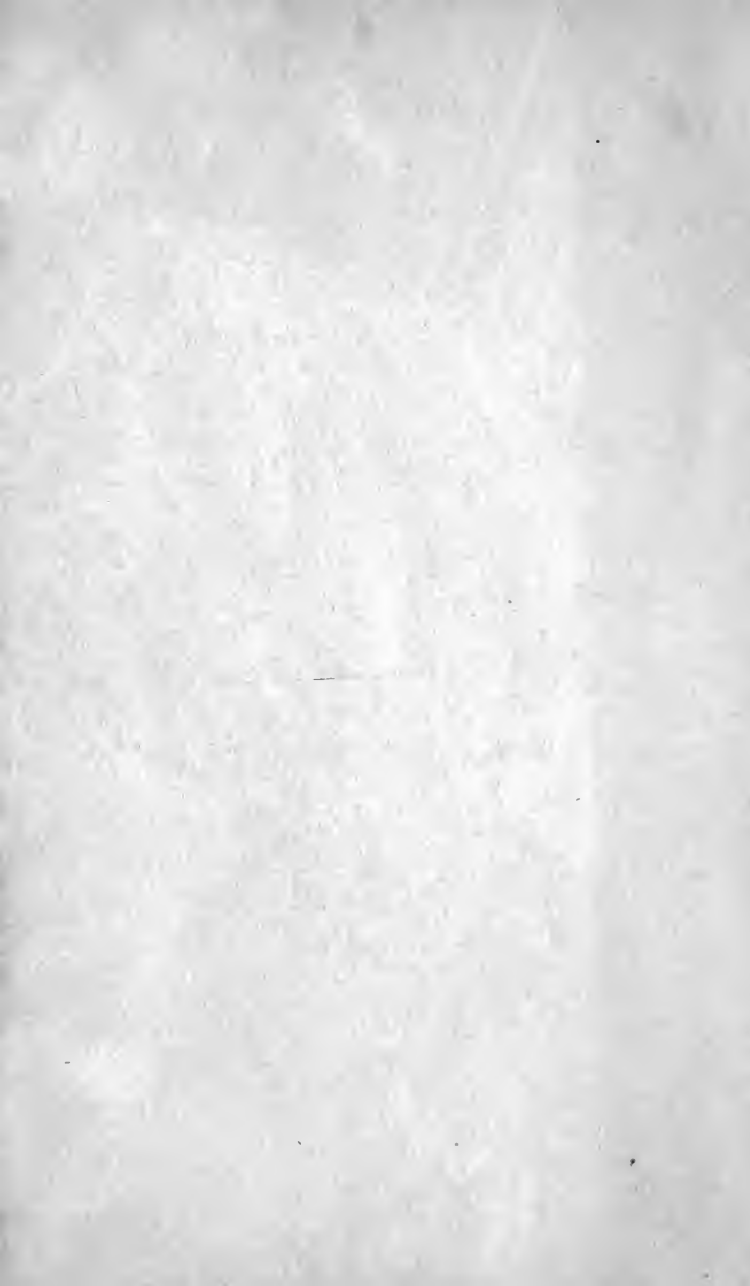
To Him who bindeth all things in his Law—

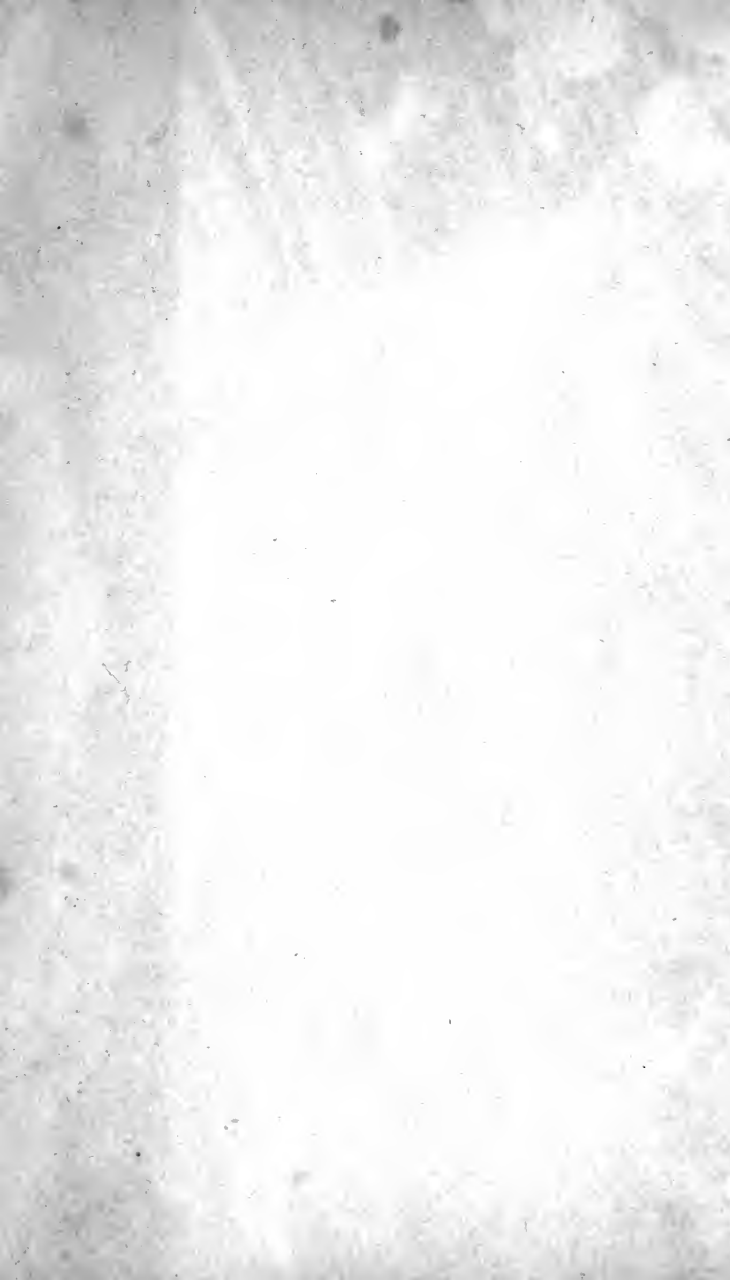
Whom mortal eye may never see,

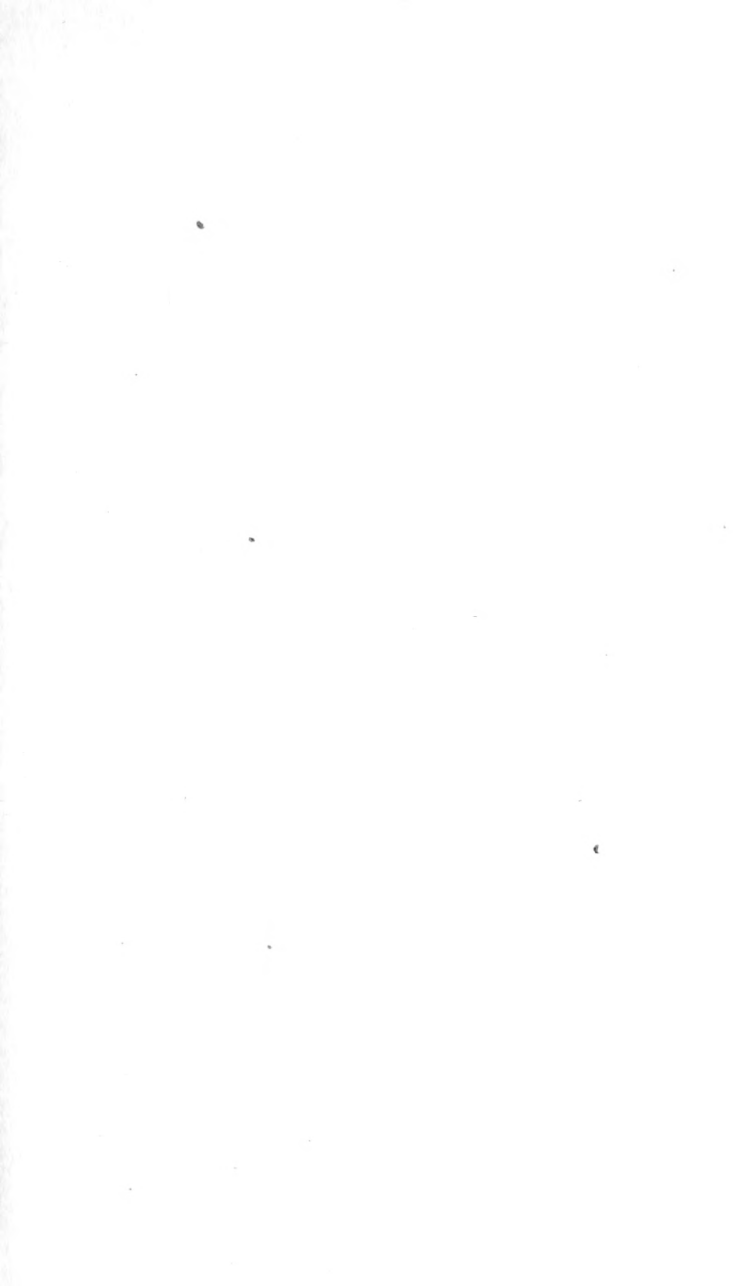
But who beholdeth all, throned in Eternity.

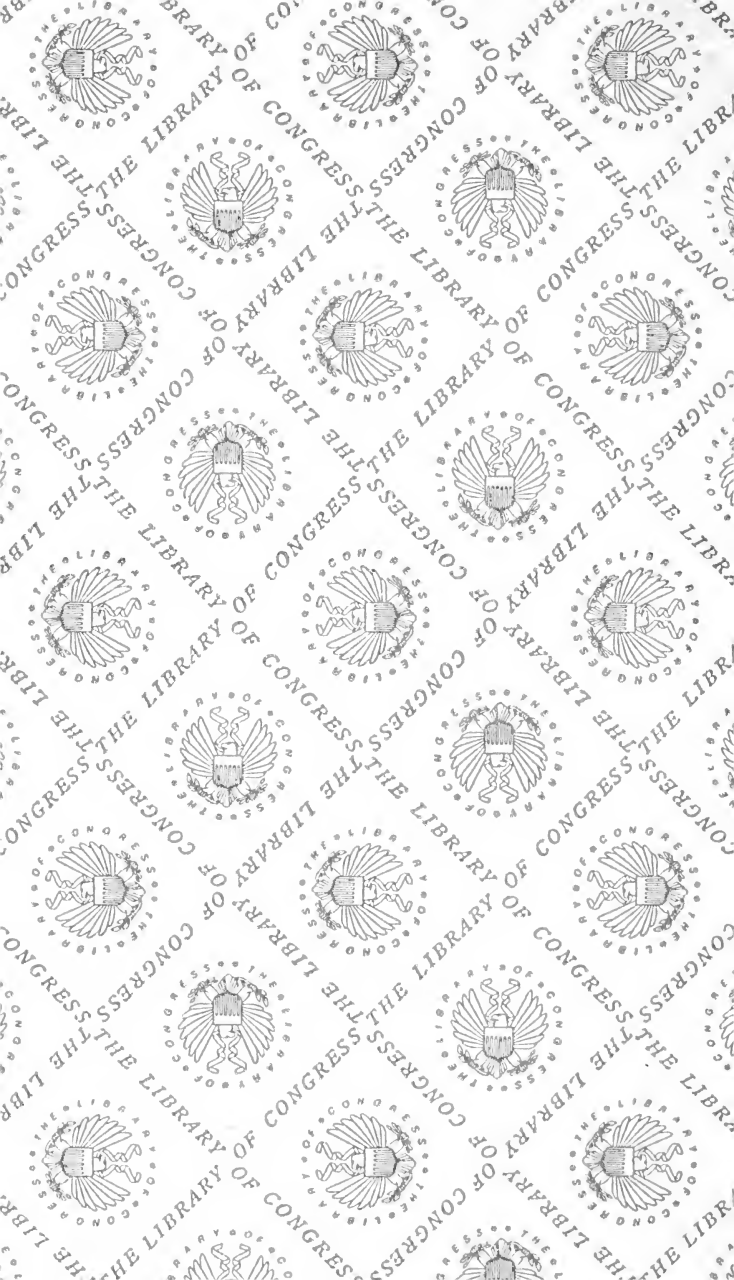
THE END.













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